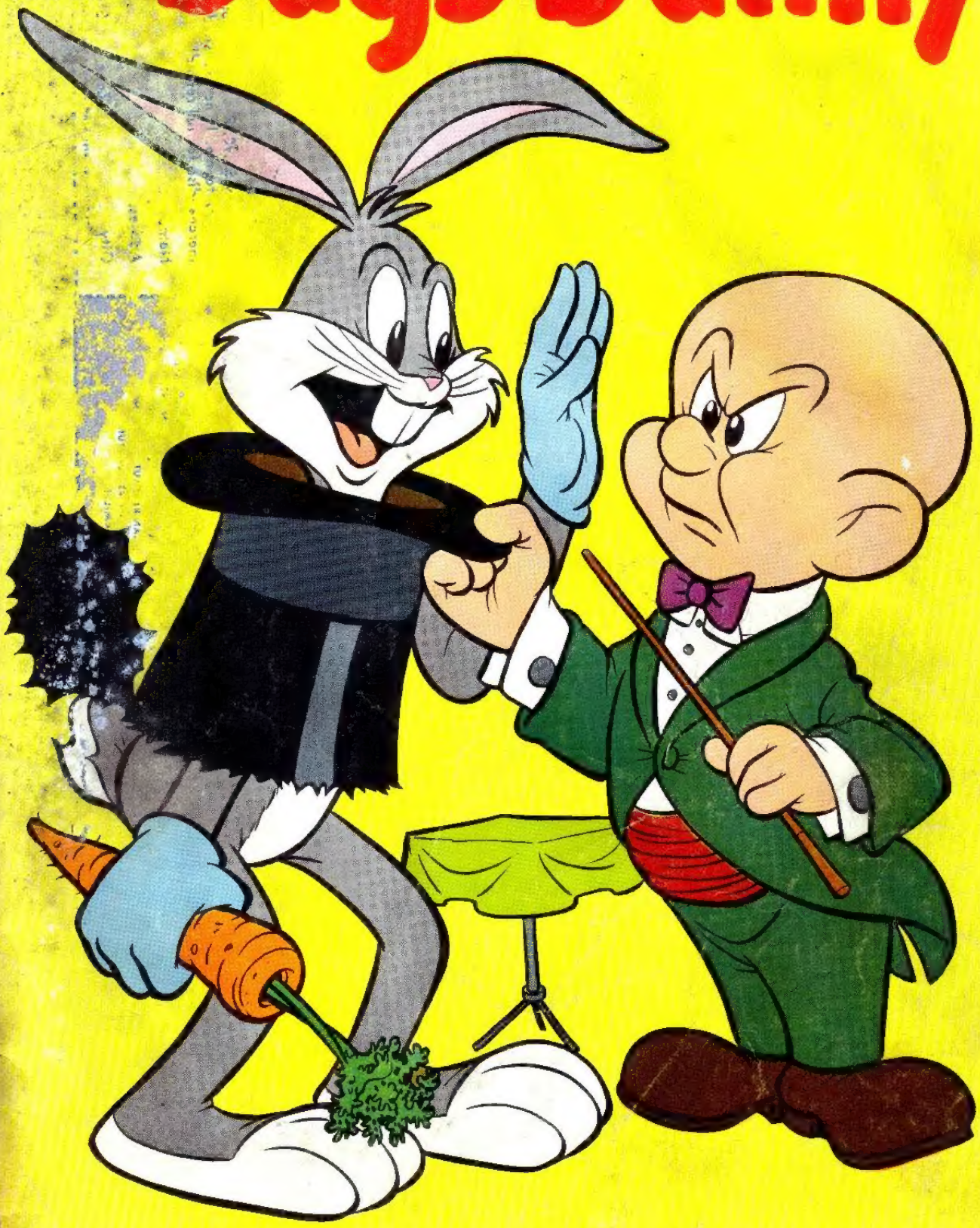
DELL

Bugs Bunny

FEB.-MARCH
Still 10¢



WIN A $10,000.00-A-WEEK JOB ACTING IN KRAFT'S BAT MASTERSON TV SHOW!

plus **2-week Hollywood vacation for your family. Or $20,000 cash!**

ENTER THE KRAFT CANDY JINGLE CONTEST TODAY!

Everyone eligible—boys, girls, men, women!

GRAND PRIZE

As winner, you get an acting part in a Bat Masterson NBC-TV Show! (See Rule 4.) 2 weeks at $10,000.00 a week! No acting experience necessary.

Plus 2-week vacation in Hollywood for your entire family (residing with you) while you are performing. First-class round-trip transportation by *TRANS WORLD AIRLINES*. Stay at famous Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, where the stars stay! All meals plus $500.00 spending money for the family.

Or take $20,000, if you want the Grand Prize as cash.

Enter now! Enter often! Who knows? You might discover acting ability that could start you on your way to being a famous TV star!

50 SECOND PRIZES

Motorola Super-Americana Portable TV Sets.

100 THIRD PRIZES

Motorola Transistor Pocket Radios.

1000 FOURTH PRIZES

Bat Masterson Derby Hats!

THIS ENTRY BLANK MAY BE YOUR PASSPORT TO FAME AND FORTUNE! MAIL IT TODAY!

Here's all you do to win. Just complete a jingle.

1. Complete the 2-line jingle in the entry blank below. Last word in both lines must rhyme. Here's an example:
   Kraft Caramels and Fudgies are *my favorite candy.*
   They are bite-size and good and the flavor is dandy.
   Of course you will be able to think of much better jingles.
2. Fill out entry blank and mail to Kraft. Include the paper tab from any bag of Kraft Fudgies, Kraft Caramels or Kraft Coconut Caramels. Enter as often as you like (you can get additional entry blanks at your food store.) Just remember to include a bag tab with each entry.
3. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness, and aptness of thought by independent judges. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Kraft Foods. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Decision of the judges will be final.
4. Winner must sign a standard performer's contract with the program producer covering the film in which he appears and must be available for filming sessions during a two-week period as specified by the producer between March 25 and September 1, 1959. The producer has agreed to supply an acting role for the Grand Prize winner subject to changes in production conditions or program sponsorship occurring prior to the time at which the winner is selected. If for any reason, including scheduling of filming sessions or change or cancellation of present program sponsorship, the acting role cannot be supplied as part of the Grand Prize, Kraft Foods reserves the right to award the winner the alternate cash prize of $20,000. The trip to Hollywood, as detailed in the description of the Grand Prize, will still be included where the winner has elected to appear in a film and Kraft is unable to supply the acting role.
5. Contest is limited to residents of the U.S., its territories and possessions and Canada, and is void wherever taxed, restricted, prohibited or license is required. Employees of Kraft Foods, its agencies, and their families are ineligible. Winners will be notified by mail.
6. Entries must be postmarked before midnight March 1, 1959, and received by March 7, 1959.

KRAFT CANDIES, BOX 7569-D, CHICAGO 77, ILLINOIS

Here is my jingle: **Kraft Caramels and Fudgies are** _____

_____

I enclose ☐ 1 Kraft Caramels bag tab or ☐ 1 Kraft Fudgies bag tab

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

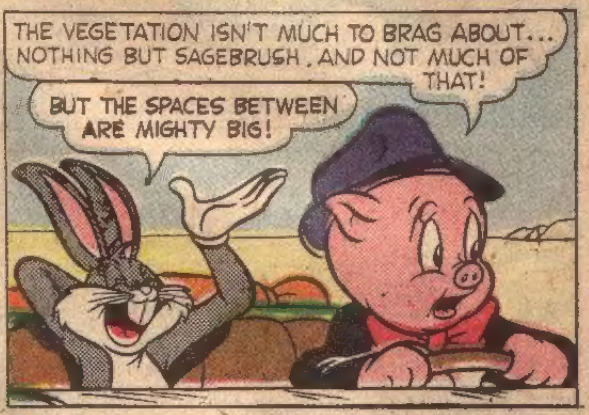
Hurry! Enter often! Contest ends March 1, 1959

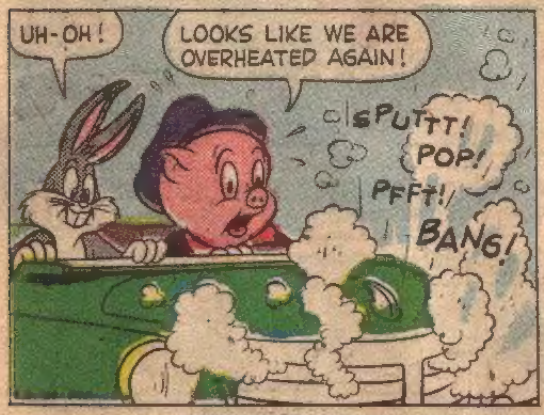
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS Present

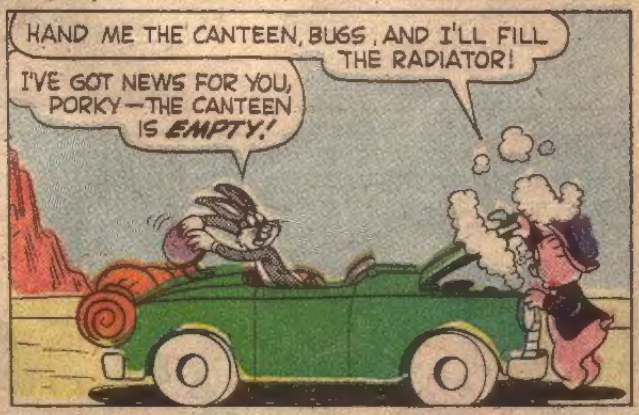
BUGS BUNNY in The RANGE RABBIT

IT WAS SWELL OF YOUR UNCLE JACK TO INVITE US OUT TO HIS RANCH FOR A VISIT, BUGS — BUT HOW MUCH FARTHER DO WE HAVE TO GO?

THIS IS *MY* FIRST TRIP, DOC, BUT I'D SAY WE SHOULD BE GETTING THERE ANY DAY NOW!







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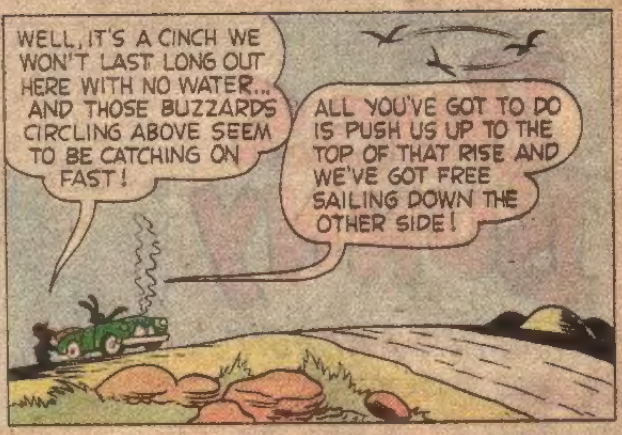
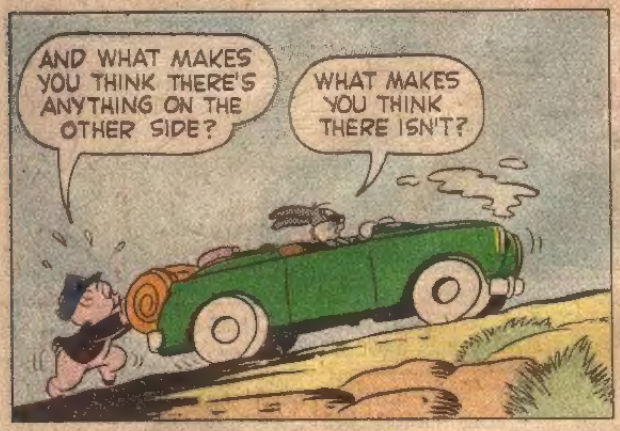
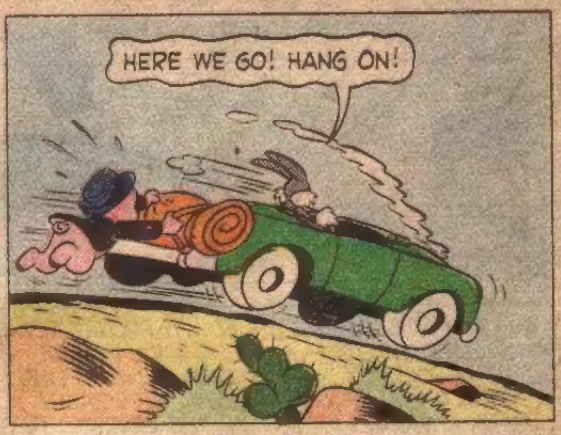
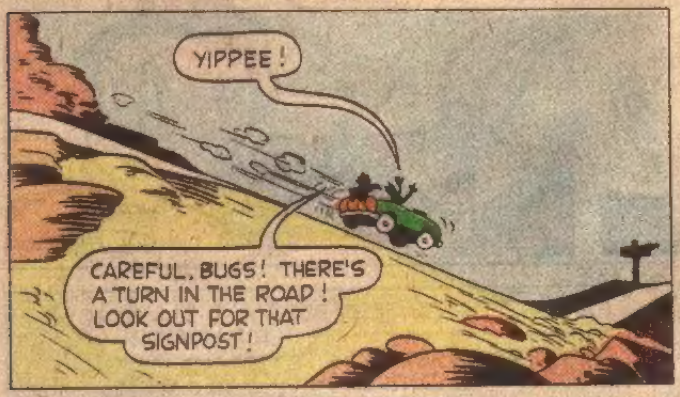
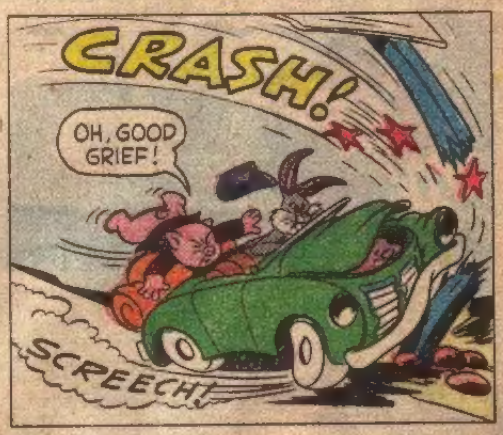
AND SO IS THE RADIATOR! LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!
OH, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT!


WELL, IT'S A CINCH WE WON'T LAST LONG OUT HERE WITH NO WATER... AND THOSE BUZZARDS CIRCLING ABOVE SEEM TO BE CATCHING ON FAST!
ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS PUSH US UP TO THE TOP OF THAT RISE AND WE'VE GOT FREE SAILING DOWN THE OTHER SIDE!

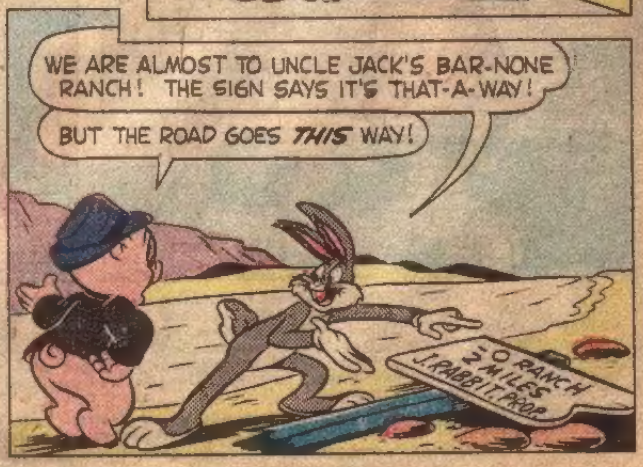

AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THERE'S ANYTHING ON THE OTHER SIDE?
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THERE ISN'T?

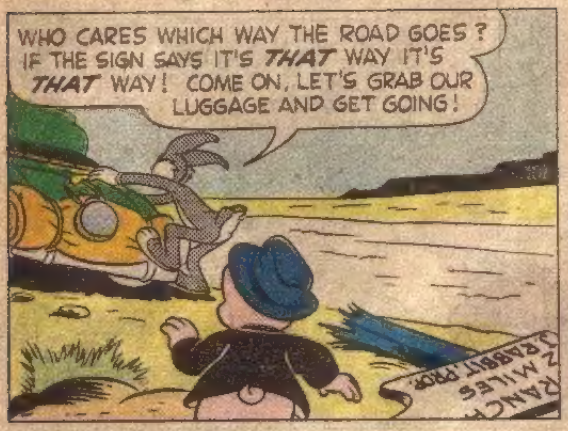

HERE WE GO! HANG ON!

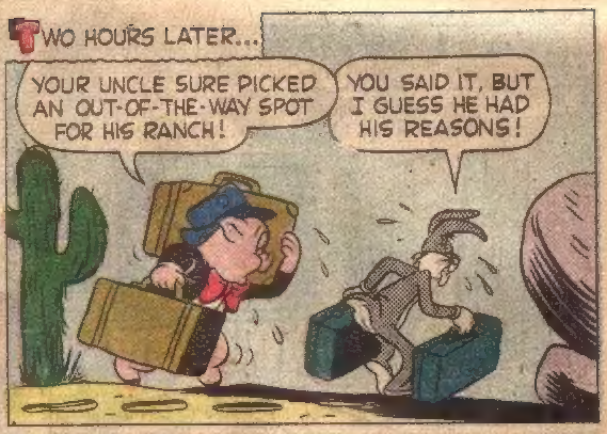

YIPPEE!
CAREFUL, BUGS! THERE'S A TURN IN THE ROAD! LOOK OUT FOR THAT SIGNPOST!


CRASH!
OH, GOOD GRIEF!
SCREECH!

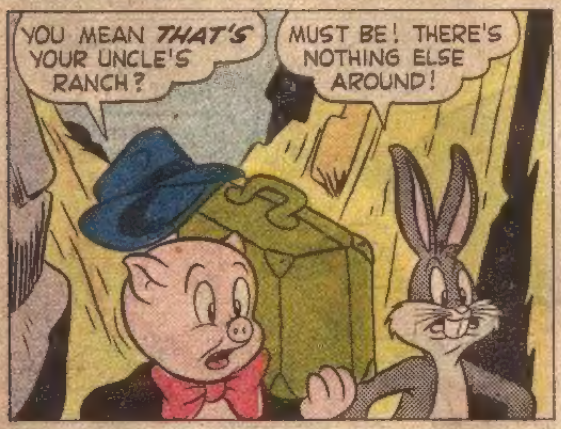
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! WE'RE *PEALLY* STRANDED NOW!
OH, NO, WE AREN'T!

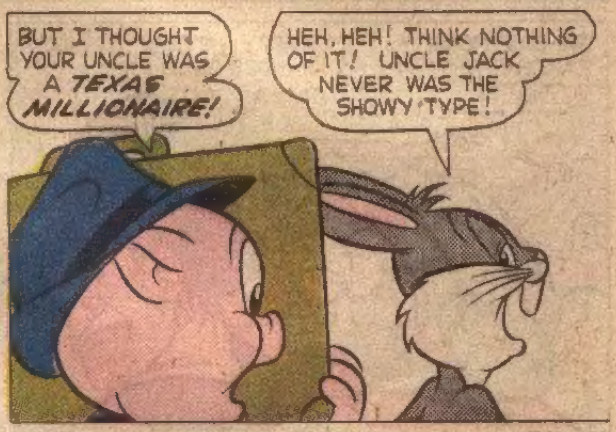

WE ARE ALMOST TO UNCLE JACK'S BAR-NONE RANCH! THE SIGN SAYS IT'S THAT-A-WAY!
BUT THE ROAD GOES *THIS* WAY!
50 RANCH 3 MILES J. RABBIT, PROP.

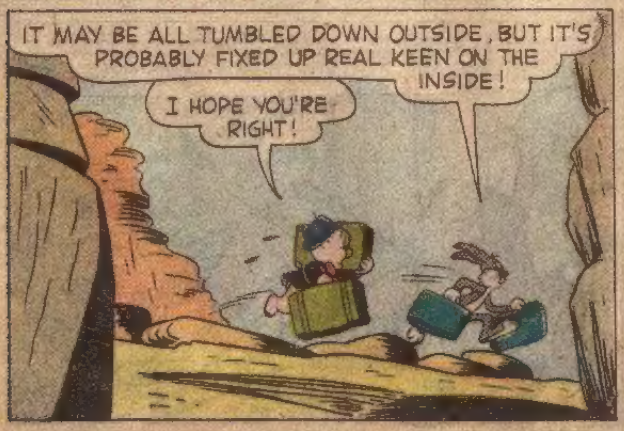

WHO CARES WHICH WAY THE ROAD GOES? IF THE SIGN SAYS IT'S THAT WAY IT'S THAT WAY! COME ON, LET'S GRAB OUR LUGGAGE AND GET GOING!


TWO HOURS LATER...
YOUR UNCLE SURE PICKED AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOT FOR HIS RANCH!
YOU SAID IT, BUT I GUESS HE HAD HIS REASONS!

STILL LATER...
I'M ABOUT DONE IN, BUGS! IF WE DON'T GET THERE SOON, I'M TURNING BACK!
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, THERE'S A RANCH JUST AHEAD!

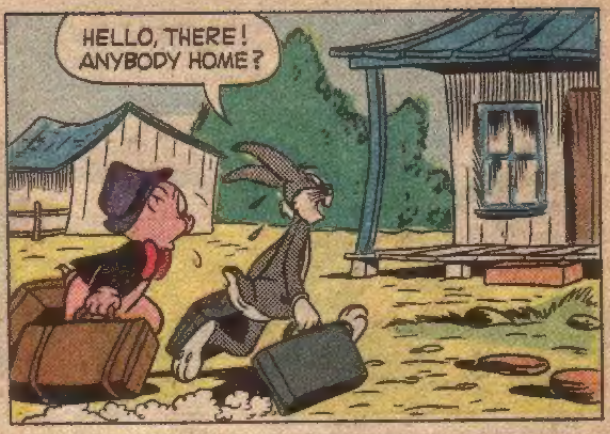

YOU MEAN THAT'S YOUR UNCLE'S RANCH?
MUST BE! THERE'S NOTHING ELSE AROUND!


BUT I THOUGHT YOUR UNCLE WAS A TEXAS MILLIONAIRE!
HEH, HEH! THINK NOTHING OF IT! UNCLE JACK NEVER WAS THE SHOWY TYPE!

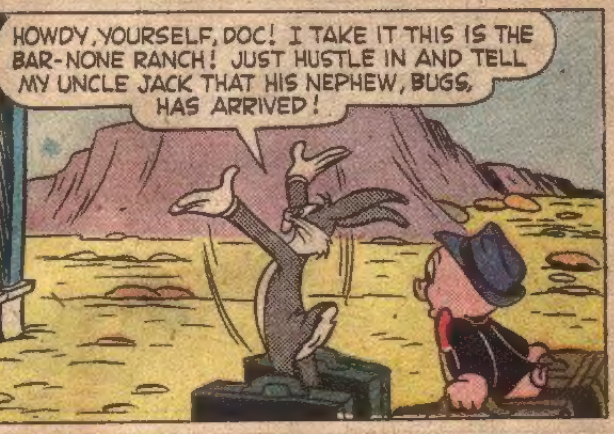

IT MAY BE ALL TUMBLED DOWN OUTSIDE, BUT IT'S PROBABLY FIXED UP REAL KEEN ON THE INSIDE!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!

I THINK WE GOT COMPANY!
A COUPLE OF GREENHORNS! WHAT ARE THEY DOING SNOOPING AROUND HERE?

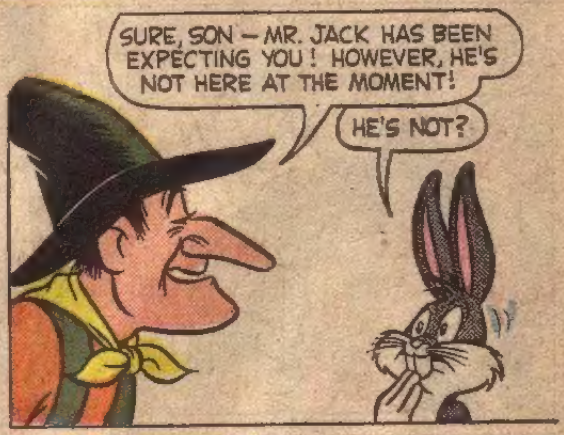
LET'S HAVE A LITTLE TARGET PRACTICE!
HOLD IT, LINK! MAYBE WE CAN USE THEM!

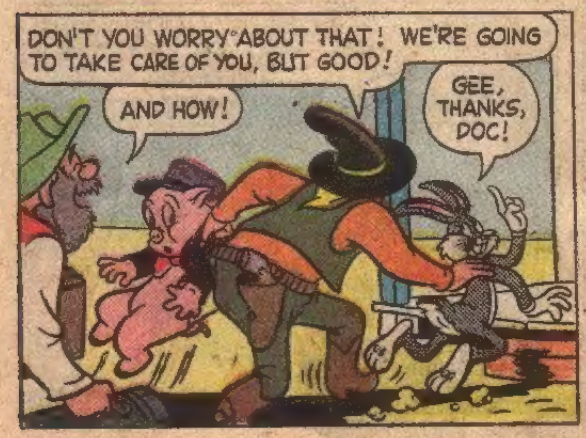

HELLO, THERE! ANYBODY HOME?

HOWDY, STRANGERS! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS LAND OF OPPORTUNITY?

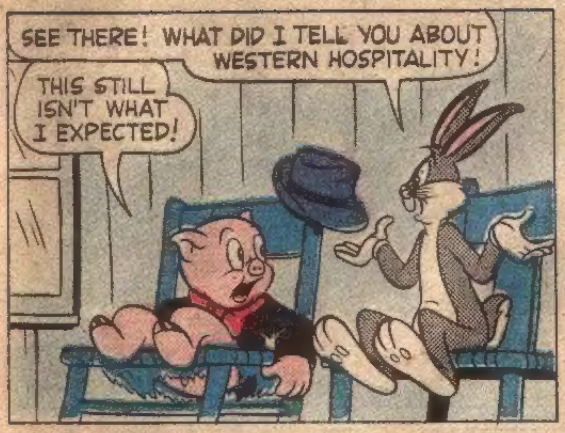

HOWDY, YOURSELF, DOC! I TAKE IT THIS IS THE BAR-NONE RANCH! JUST HUSTLE IN AND TELL MY UNCLE JACK THAT HIS NEPHEW, BUGS, HAS ARRIVED!

THE BAR-NONE RANCH? WHY, THAT'S...
QUIET! LET ME HANDLE THIS!


SURE, SON — MR. JACK HAS BEEN EXPECTING YOU! HOWEVER, HE'S NOT HERE AT THE MOMENT!
HE'S NOT?

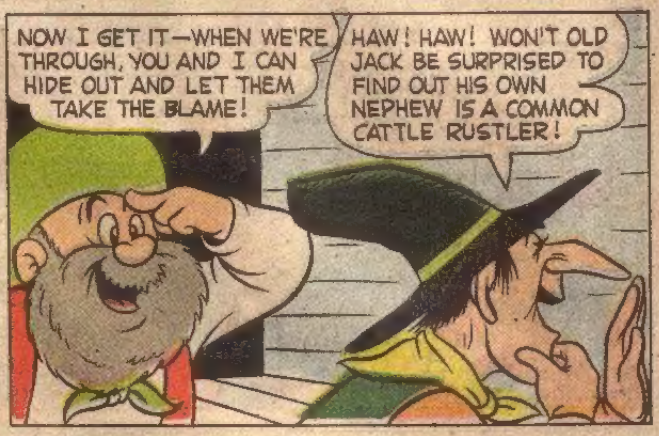

DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF YOU, BUT GOOD!
AND HOW!
GEE, THANKS, DOC!

SIT DOWN AND MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE WHILE LINK AND I GO RUSTLE UP SOME GRUB!
OOF!


SEE THERE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT WESTERN HOSPITALITY!
THIS STILL ISN'T WHAT I EXPECTED!

WHY DID YOU BRING THOSE TWO TENDERFOOTS INTO OUR HIDE-OUT, BUZZARD?
SSHH! YOU DON'T GET IT, LINK—THAT CORNY RABBIT IS OLD MILLIONAIRE JACK'S NEPHEW!

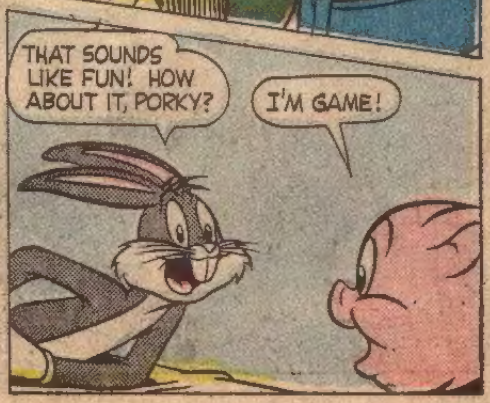
SURE, AND IT'S OLD JACK'S CATTLE WE'RE GOING TO RUSTLE TONIGHT!
RIGHT! BUT NOW WE'LL LET THESE TWO HELP US!

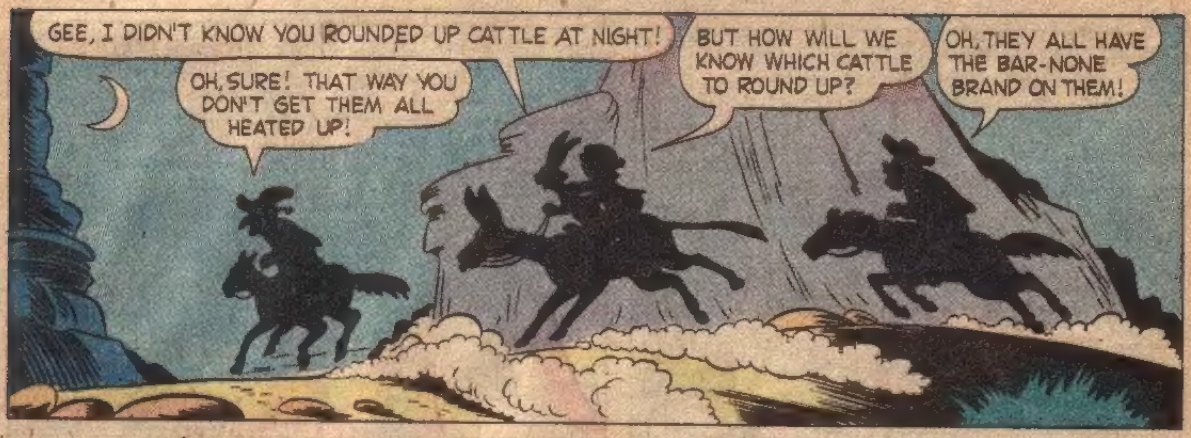

NOW I GET IT—WHEN WE'RE THROUGH, YOU AND I CAN HIDE OUT AND LET THEM TAKE THE BLAME!
HAW! HAW! WON'T OLD JACK BE SURPRISED TO FIND OUT HIS OWN NEPHEW IS A COMMON CATTLE RUSTLER!

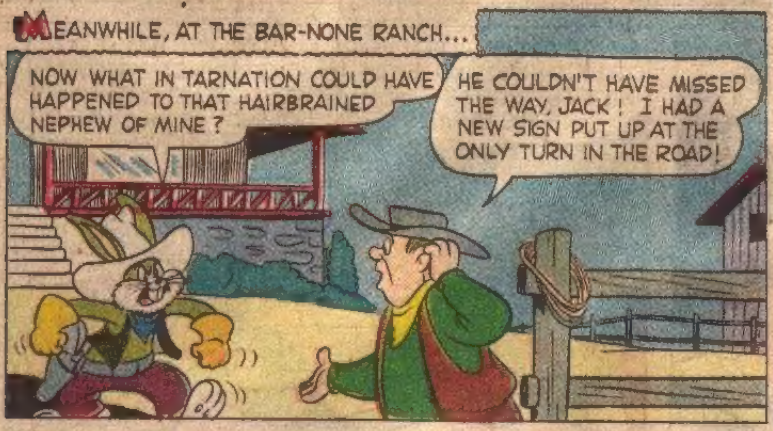
HO! HO! HO! I CAN SEE THAT OLD GEEZER NOW!

COMES NIGHT...
THAT WAS A GREAT FEED, DOC! NOW, WHERE DO WE BED DOWN?
YEAH! I'M BUSHED!
BED DOWN!!? WHY, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU FELLOWS WANTING TO LIE DOWN ON THE JOB!

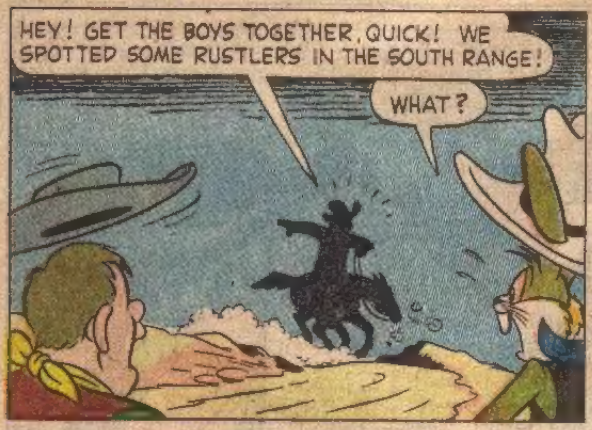
WHY SO?
THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE BIG ROUNDUP, AND SINCE WE ARE SHORTHANDED I WAS FIGURING ON YOU TWO HELPING US OUT!

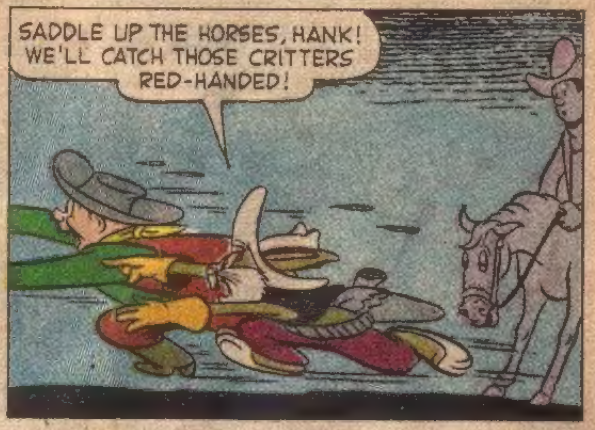

THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN! HOW ABOUT IT, PORKY?
I'M GAME!

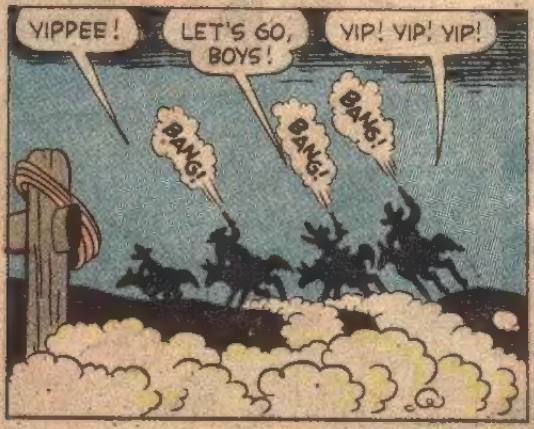

GEE, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU ROUNDED UP CATTLE AT NIGHT!
OH, SURE! THAT WAY YOU DON'T GET THEM ALL HEATED UP!
BUT HOW WILL WE KNOW WHICH CATTLE TO ROUND UP?
OH, THEY ALL HAVE THE BAR-NONE BRAND ON THEM!

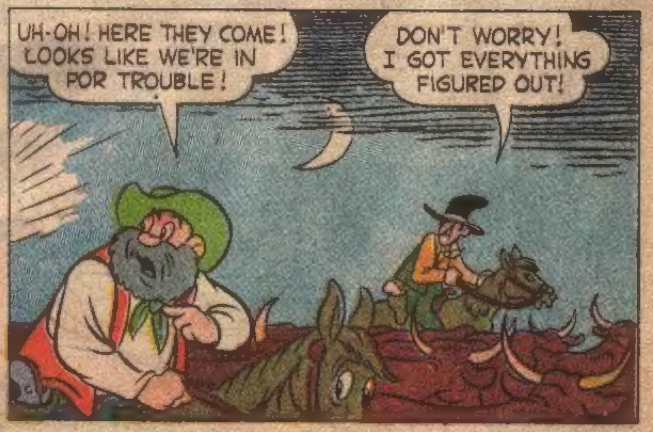

MEANWHILE, AT THE BAR-NONE RANCH...
NOW WHAT IN TARNATION COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THAT HAIRBRAINED NEPHEW OF MINE?
HE COULDN'T HAVE MISSED THE WAY, JACK! I HAD A NEW SIGN PUT UP AT THE ONLY TURN IN THE ROAD!

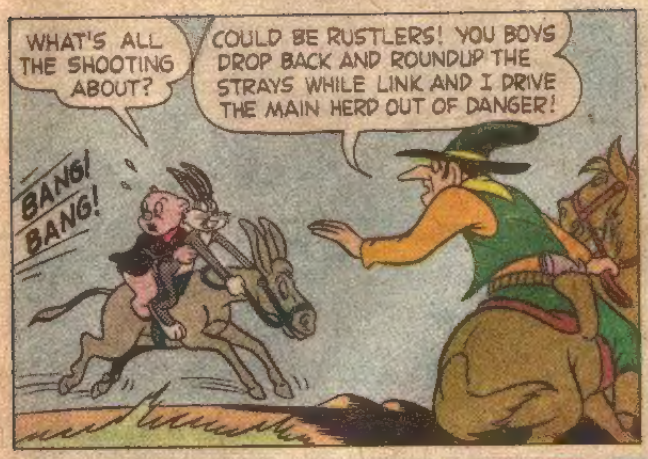
WELL, IF HE ISN'T HERE IN A FEW MINUTES, I'M TURNING IN!
HMM! HERE COMES ONE OF MY COWHANDS!


HEY! GET THE BOYS TOGETHER, QUICK! WE SPOTTED SOME RUSTLERS IN THE SOUTH RANGE!
WHAT?

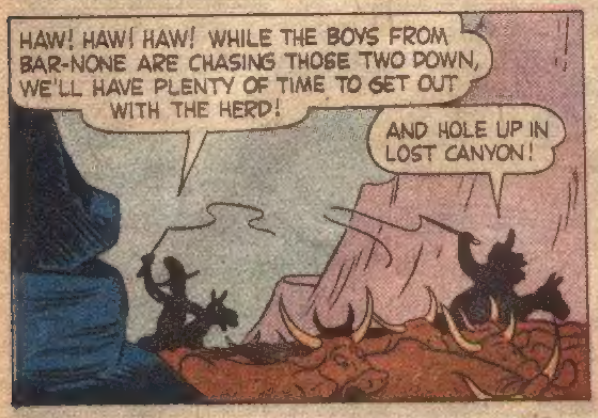

SADDLE UP THE HORSES, HANK! WE'LL CATCH THOSE CRITTERS RED-HANDED!

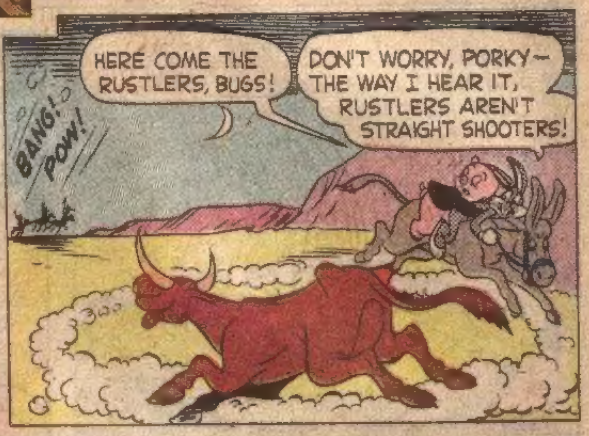

YIPPEE!
LET'S GO, BOYS!
YIP! YIP! YIP!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

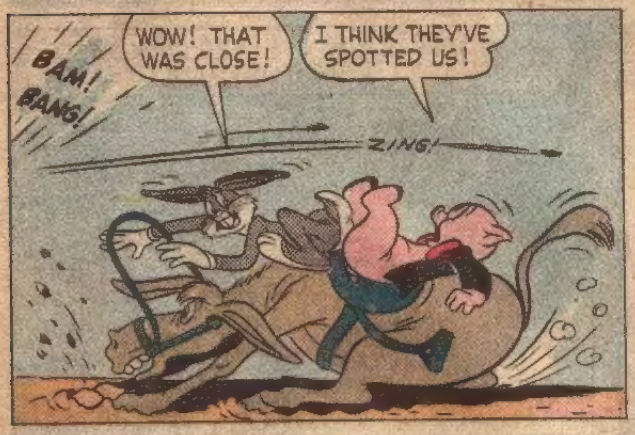

UH-OH! HERE THEY COME! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR TROUBLE!
DON'T WORRY! I GOT EVERYTHING FIGURED OUT!


WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT?
COULD BE RUSTLERS! YOU BOYS DROP BACK AND ROUNDUP THE STRAYS WHILE LINK AND I DRIVE THE MAIN HERD OUT OF DANGER!
BANG! BANG!

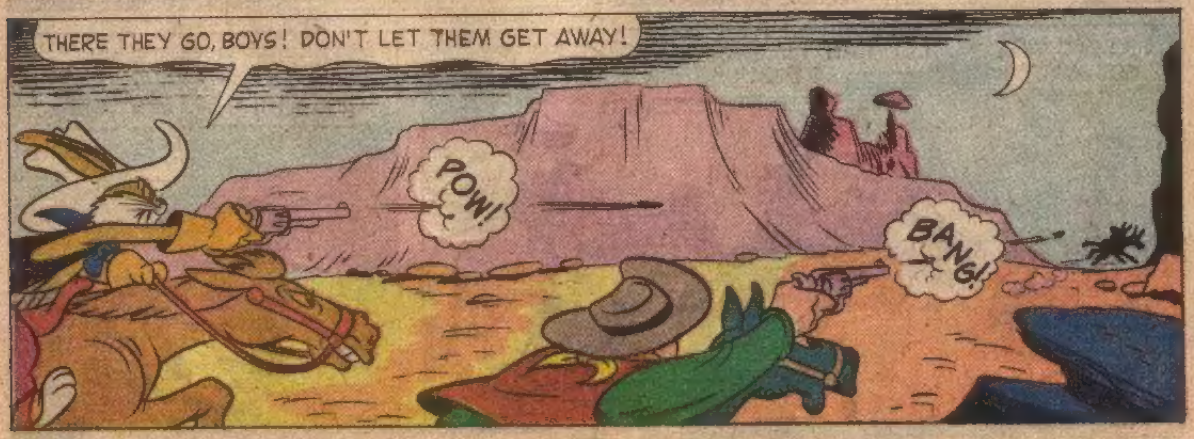
BUT WHAT ABOUT US? WON'T WE BE IN DANGER, TOO?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! IT'S YOUR JOB TO PROTECT THE CATTLE!


HAW! HAW! HAW! WHILE THE BOYS FROM BAR-NONE ARE CHASING THOSE TWO DOWN, WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO GET OUT WITH THE HERD!
AND HOLE UP IN LOST CANYON!

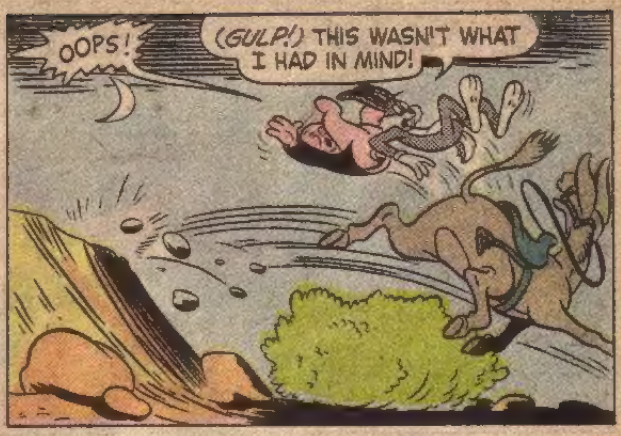

HERE COME THE RUSTLERS, BUGS!
DON'T WORRY, PORKY— THE WAY I HEAR IT, RUSTLERS AREN'T STRAIGHT SHOOTERS!
BANG! POW!

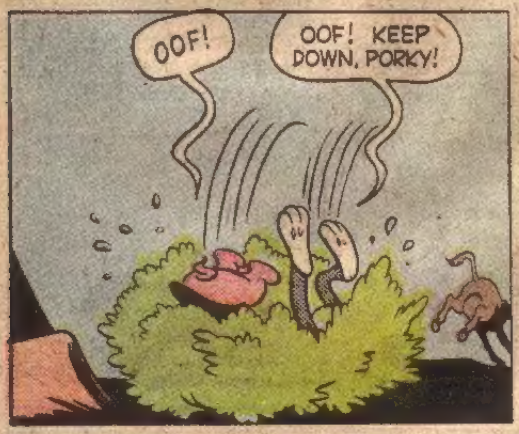

WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
I THINK THEY'VE SPOTTED US!
BAM! BANG!
ZING!

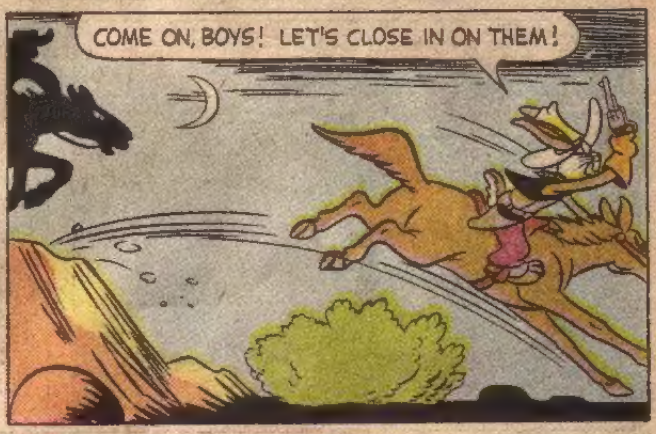
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!
BANG!
ZING!

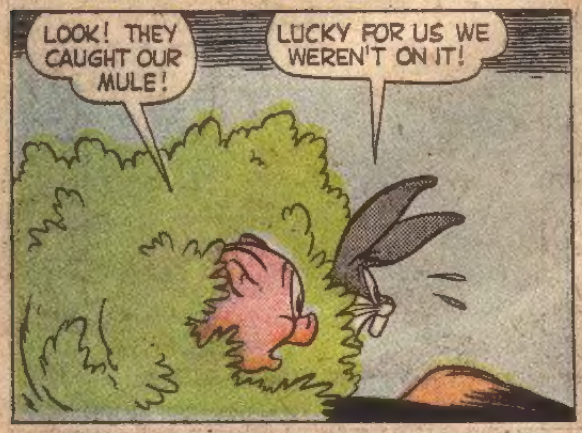

THERE THEY GO, BOYS! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!
POW!
BANG!

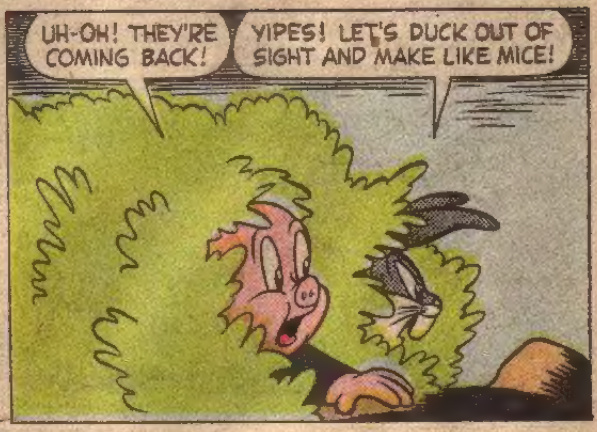
THEY'RE GAINING ON US, BUGS! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, QUICK!
ZING!
ZING!
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING!


OOPS!
(GULP!) THIS WASN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND!


OOF!
OOF! KEEP DOWN, PORKY!

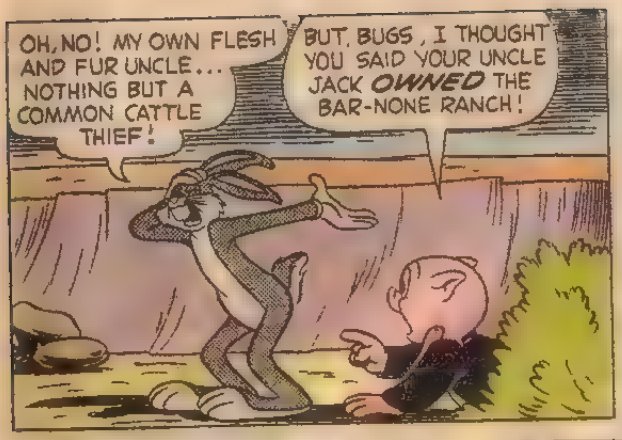

COME ON, BOYS! LET'S CLOSE IN ON THEM!

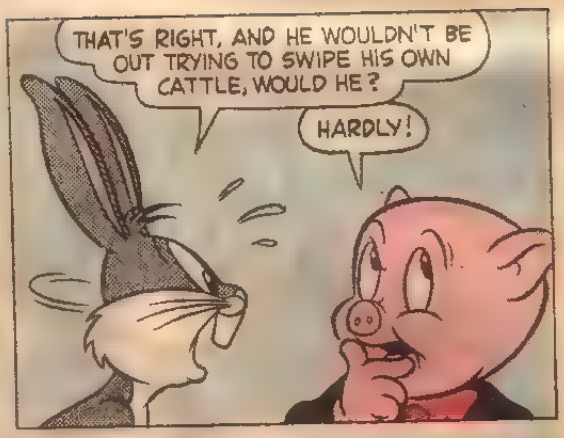

LOOK! THEY CAUGHT OUR MULE!
LUCKY FOR US WE WEREN'T ON IT!

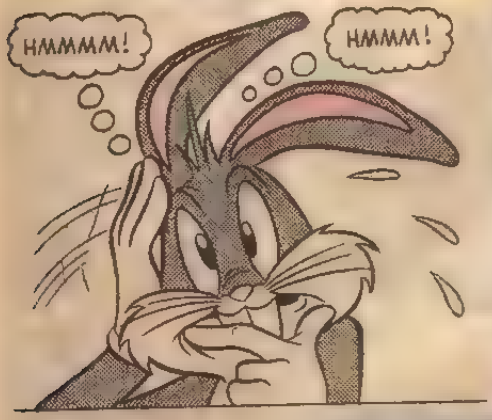

UH-OH! THEY'RE COMING BACK!
YIPES! LET'S DUCK OUT OF SIGHT AND MAKE LIKE MICE!

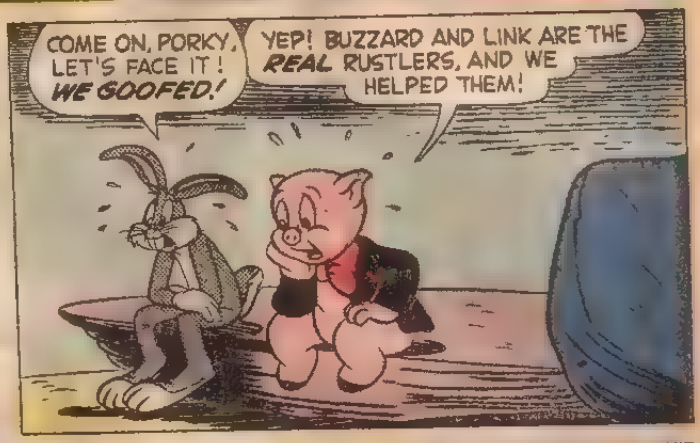
TOO BAD THEY GOT AWAY!
WE'LL WAIT TILL MORNING AND THEN TRY TO PICK UP THEIR TRAIL!

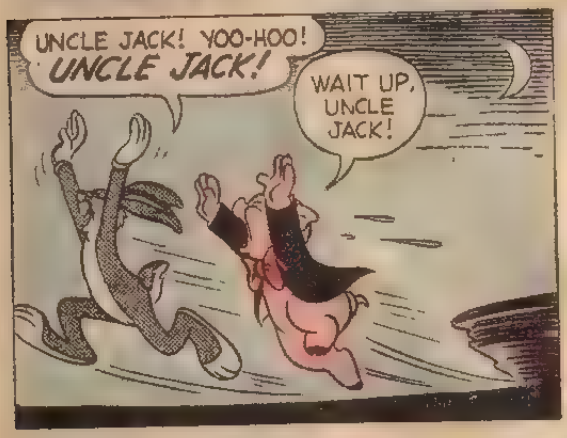
PSST! PORKY! THAT'S MY UNCLE JACK!! WHAT'S HE DOING WITH THOSE RUSTLERS?

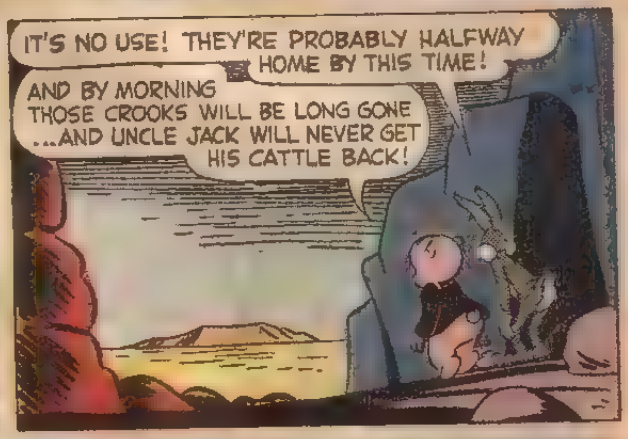

OH, NO! MY OWN FLESH AND FUR UNCLE... NOTHING BUT A COMMON CATTLE THIEF!
BUT, BUGS, I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOUR UNCLE JACK OWNED THE BAR-NONE RANCH!

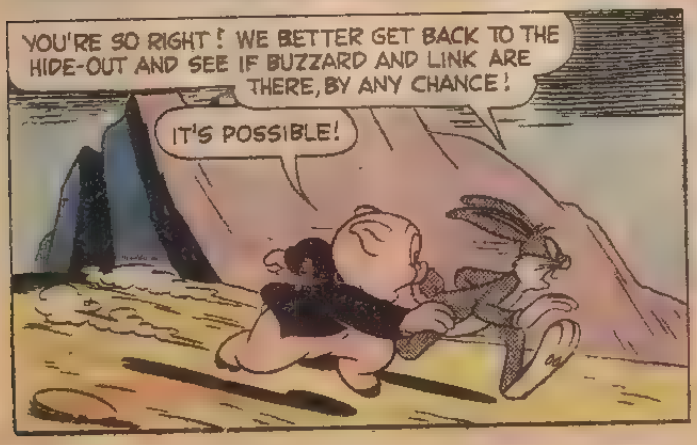

THAT'S RIGHT, AND HE WOULDN'T BE OUT TRYING TO SWIPE HIS OWN CATTLE, WOULD HE?
HARDLY!

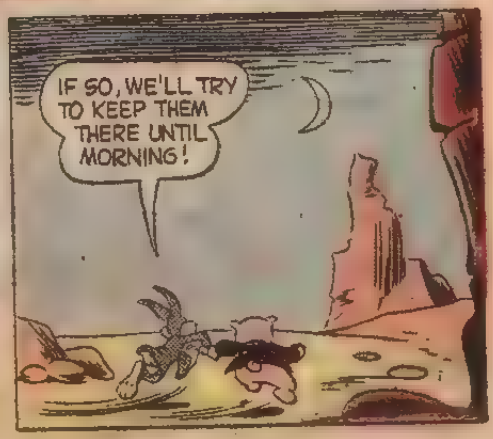

HMMMM!
HMMM!

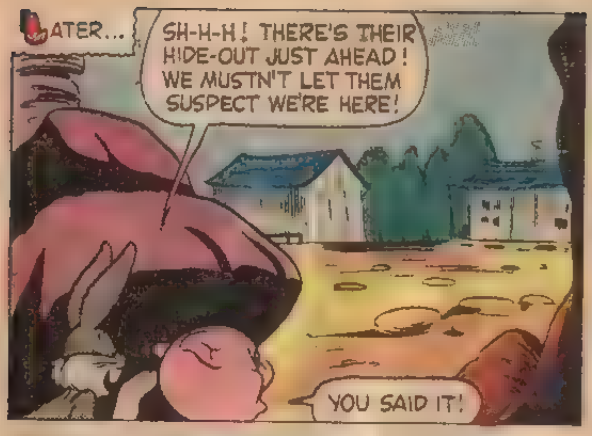

COME ON, PORKY, LET'S FACE IT! WE GOOFED!
YEP! BUZZARD AND LINK ARE THE REAL RUSTLERS, AND WE HELPED THEM!

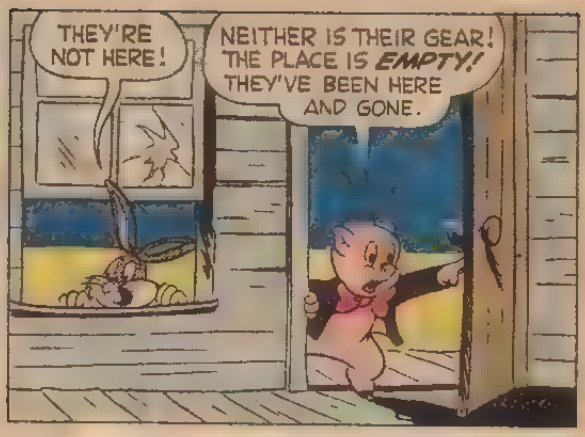

UNCLE JACK! YOO-HOO! UNCLE JACK!
WAIT UP, UNCLE JACK!

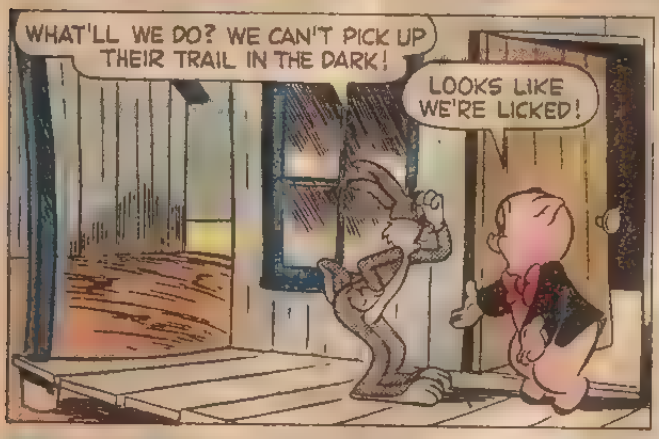

IT'S NO USE! THEY'RE PROBABLY HALFWAY HOME BY THIS TIME!
AND BY MORNING THOSE CROOKS WILL BE LONG GONE ...AND UNCLE JACK WILL NEVER GET HIS CATTLE BACK!

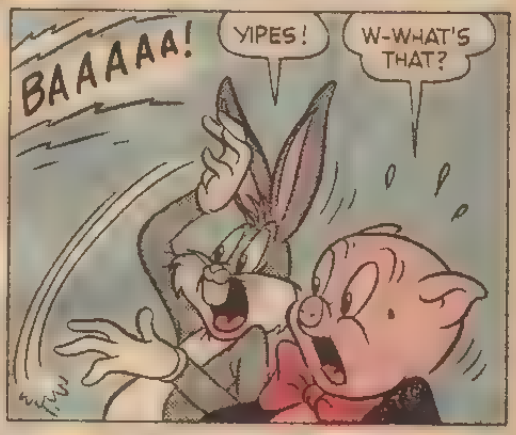

YOU'RE SO RIGHT! WE BETTER GET BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT AND SEE IF BUZZARD AND LINK ARE THERE, BY ANY CHANCE!
IT'S POSSIBLE!

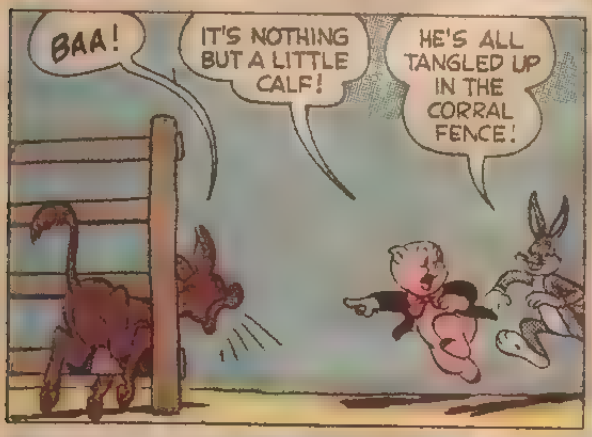

IF SO, WE'LL TRY TO KEEP THEM THERE UNTIL MORNING!

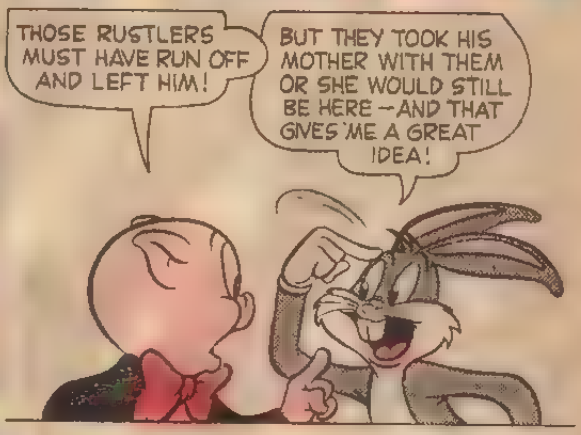

LATER...
SH-H-H! THERE'S THEIR HIDE-OUT JUST AHEAD! WE MUSTN'T LET THEM SUSPECT WE'RE HERE!
YOU SAID IT!

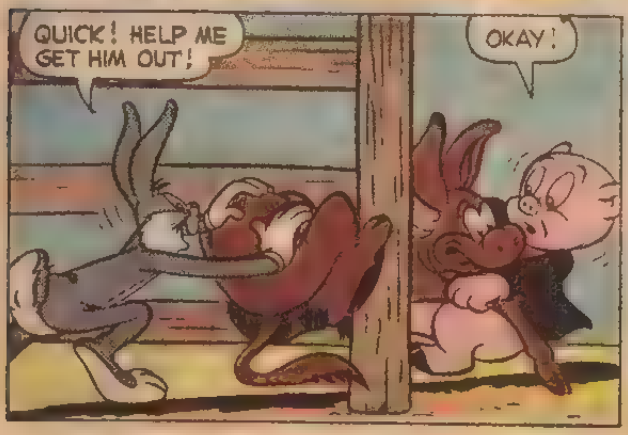

THEY'RE NOT HERE!
NEITHER IS THEIR GEAR! THE PLACE IS *EMPTY!* THEY'VE BEEN HERE AND GONE.

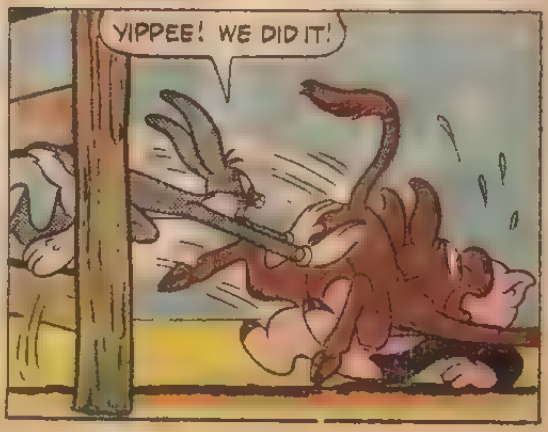

WHAT'LL WE DO? WE CAN'T PICK UP THEIR TRAIL IN THE DARK!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE LICKED!

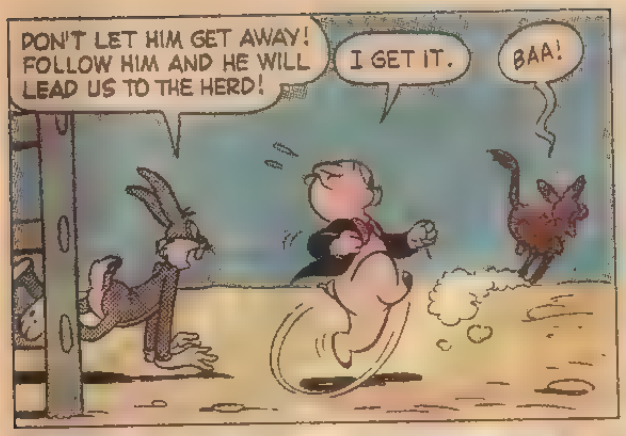

BAAAAA!
YIPES!
W-WHAT'S THAT?

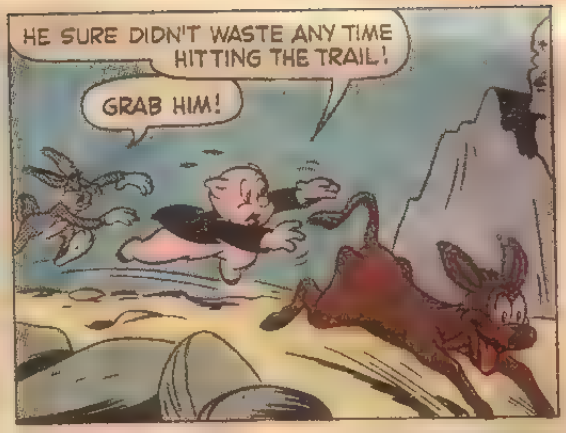

BAA!
IT'S NOTHING BUT A LITTLE CALF!
HE'S ALL TANGLED UP IN THE CORRAL FENCE!


THOSE RUSTLERS MUST HAVE RUN OFF AND LEFT HIM!
BUT THEY TOOK HIS MOTHER WITH THEM OR SHE WOULD STILL BE HERE—AND THAT GIVES ME A GREAT IDEA!

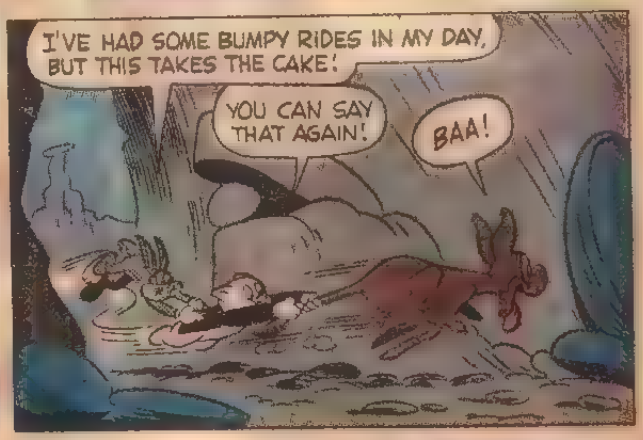

QUICK! HELP ME GET HIM OUT!
OKAY!

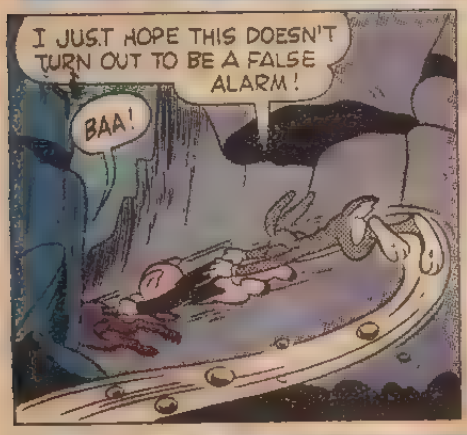

YIPPEE! WE DID IT!


DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! FOLLOW HIM AND HE WILL LEAD US TO THE HERD!
I GET IT.
BAA!

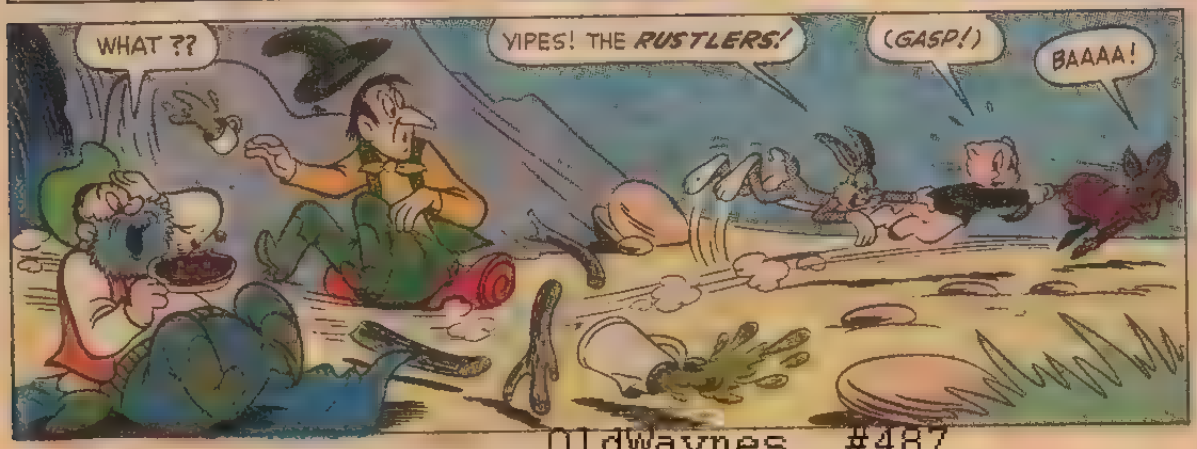

HE SURE DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME HITTING THE TRAIL!
GRAB HIM!

AND AWAY WE GO!

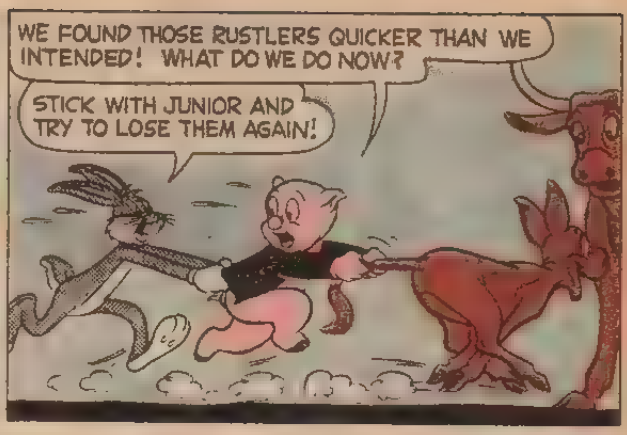

I'VE HAD SOME BUMPY RIDES IN MY DAY, BUT THIS TAKES THE CAKE!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
BAA!

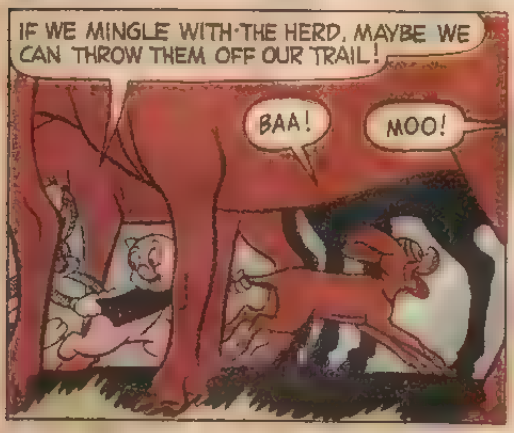

I JUST HOPE THIS DOESN'T TURN OUT TO BE A FALSE ALARM!
BAA!

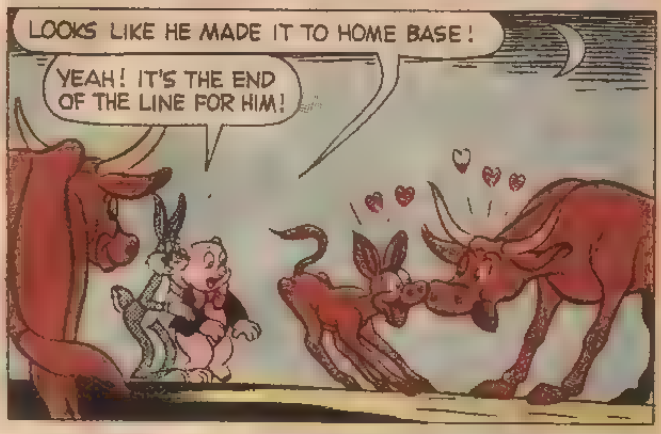
HEY! THIS IS A REAL HEP CALF! I HEAR THE OLD COW ANSWERING HIM!
MOOO!

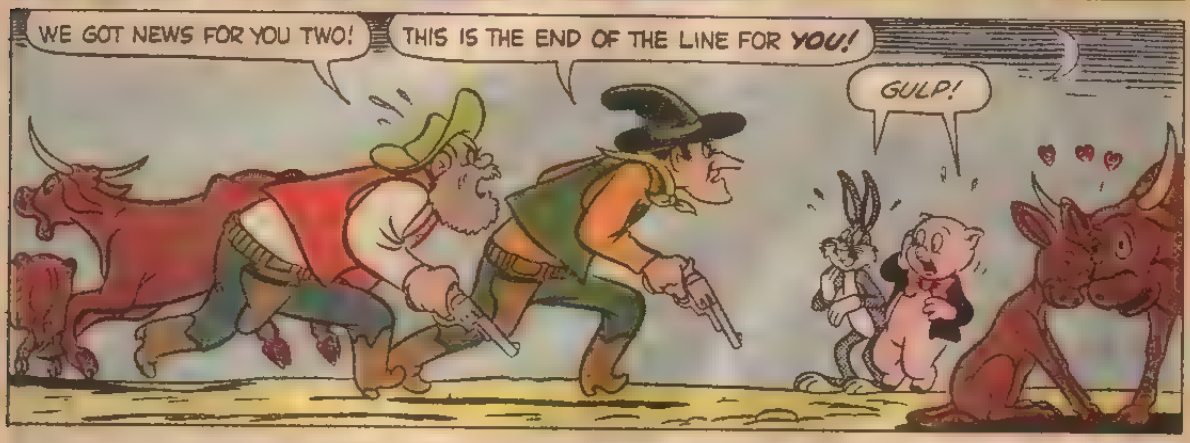

WHAT ??
YIPES! THE *RUSTLERS!*
(GASP!)
BAAAA!

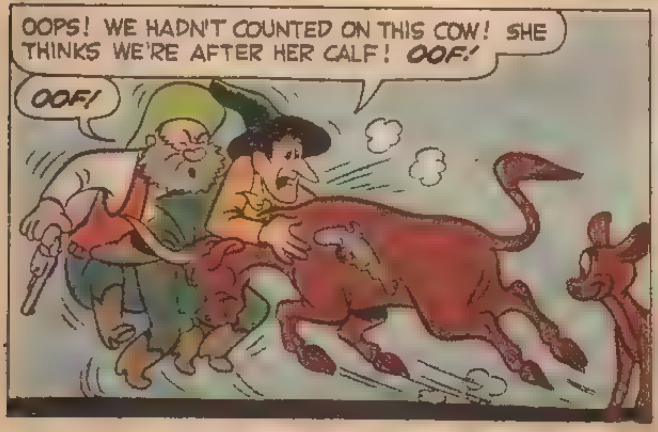
IT'S THOSE MEDDLING GREENHORNS! THEY'RE ONTO OUR GAME!
WE BETTER GET RID OF THEM BEFORE THEY GUM UP THE WORKS!

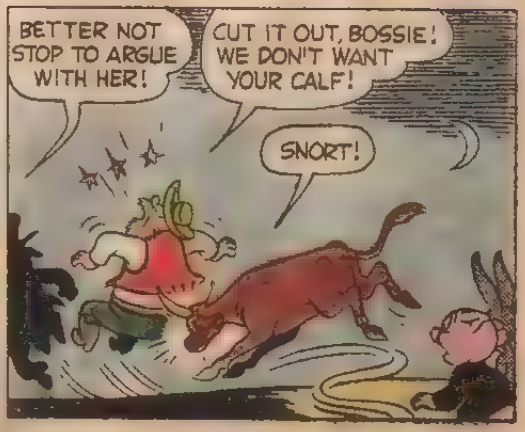

WE FOUND THOSE RUSTLERS QUICKER THAN WE INTENDED! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
STICK WITH JUNIOR AND TRY TO LOSE THEM AGAIN!

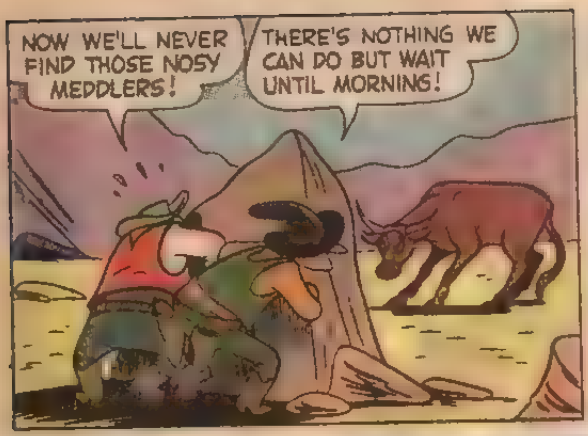

IF WE MINGLE WITH THE HERD, MAYBE WE CAN THROW THEM OFF OUR TRAIL!
BAA!
MOO!

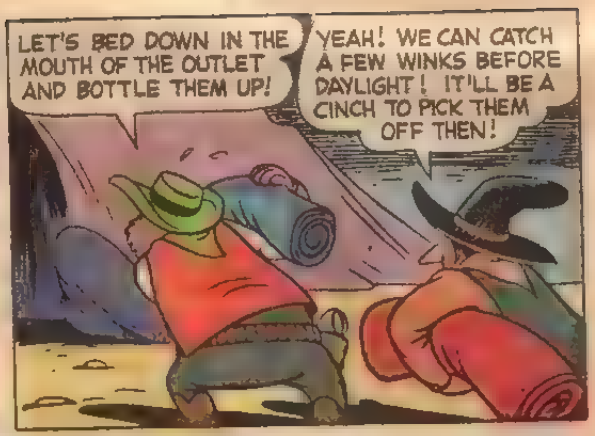

LOOKS LIKE HE MADE IT TO HOME BASE!
YEAH! IT'S THE END OF THE LINE FOR HIM!

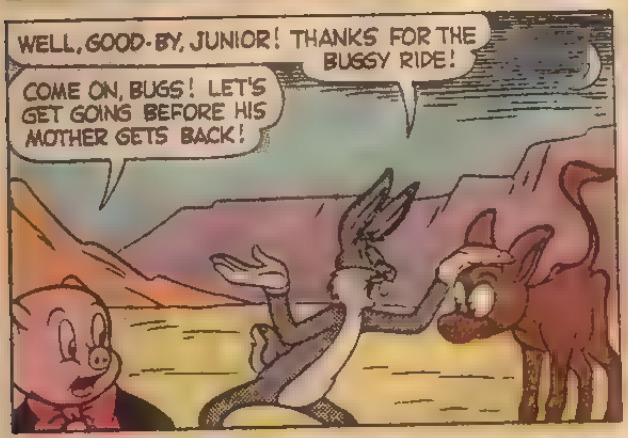

WE GOT NEWS FOR YOU TWO!
THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR YOU!
GULP!

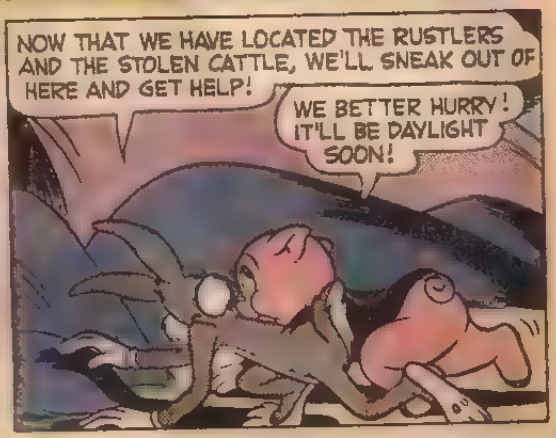

OOPS! WE HADN'T COUNTED ON THIS COW! SHE THINKS WE'RE AFTER HER CALF! OOF!
OOF!

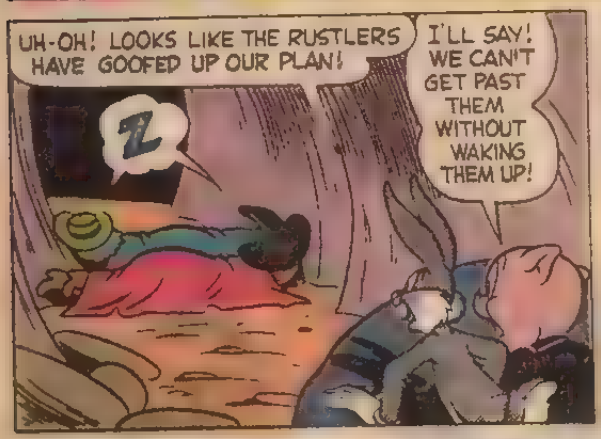

BETTER NOT STOP TO ARGUE WITH HER!
CUT IT OUT, BOSSIE! WE DON'T WANT YOUR CALF!
SNORT!

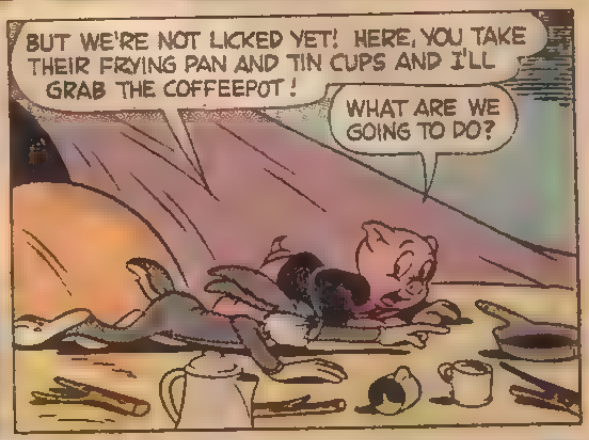

NOW WE'LL NEVER FIND THOSE NOSY MEDDLERS!
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO BUT WAIT UNTIL MORNING!

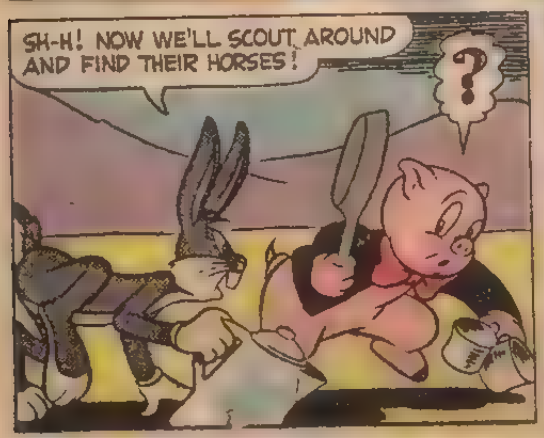

LET'S BED DOWN IN THE MOUTH OF THE OUTLET AND BOTTLE THEM UP!
YEAH! WE CAN CATCH A FEW WINKS BEFORE DAYLIGHT! IT'LL BE A CINCH TO PICK THEM OFF THEN!

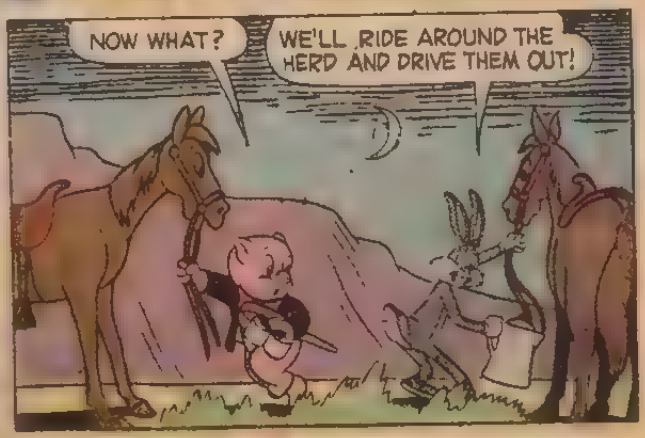

WELL, GOOD-BY, JUNIOR! THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE!
COME ON, BUGS! LET'S GET GOING BEFORE HIS MOTHER GETS BACK!

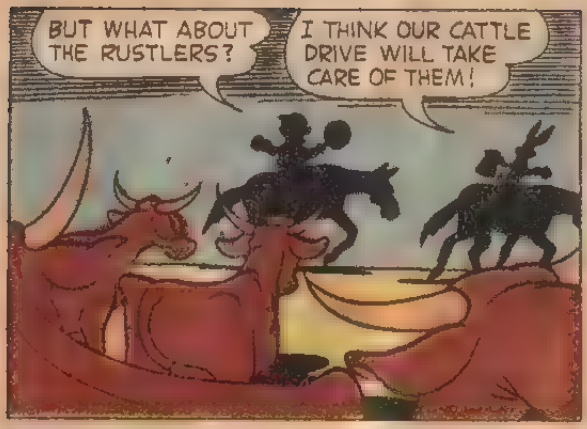

NOW THAT WE HAVE LOCATED THE RUSTLERS AND THE STOLEN CATTLE, WE'LL SNEAK OUT OF HERE AND GET HELP!
WE BETTER HURRY! IT'LL BE DAYLIGHT SOON!

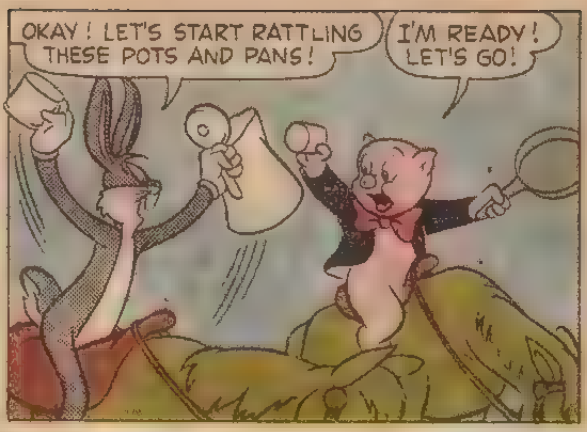

UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE THE RUSTLERS HAVE GOOFED UP OUR PLAN!
I'LL SAY! WE CAN'T GET PAST THEM WITHOUT WAKING THEM UP!
Z

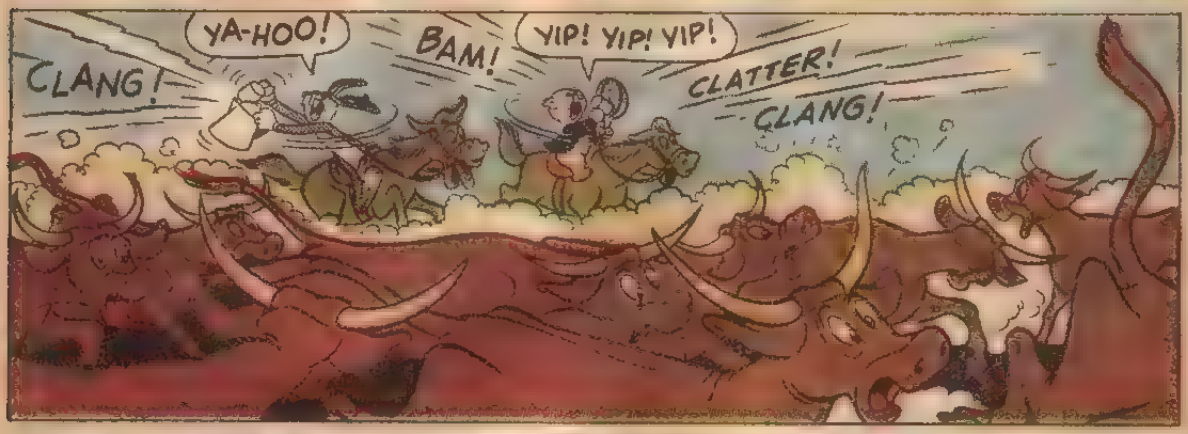

BUT WE'RE NOT LICKED YET! HERE, YOU TAKE THEIR FRYING PAN AND TIN CUPS AND I'LL GRAB THE COFFEEPOT!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

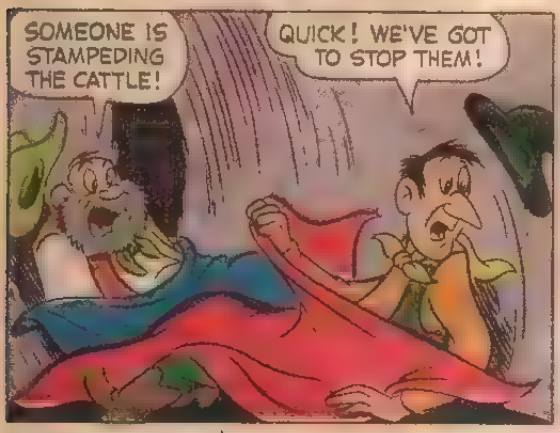

SH-H! NOW WE'LL SCOUT AROUND AND FIND THEIR HORSES!
?

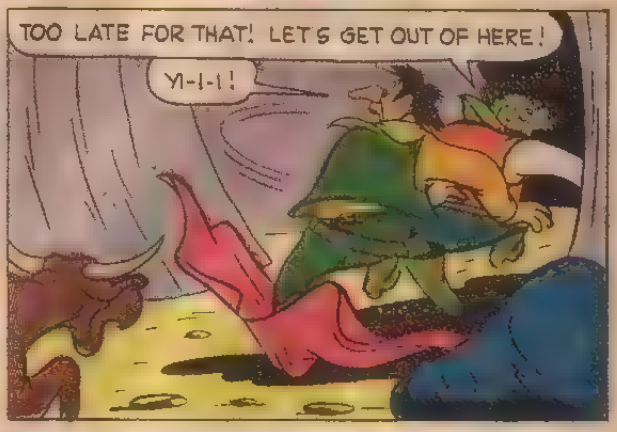

NOW WHAT?
WE'LL RIDE AROUND THE HERD AND DRIVE THEM OUT!

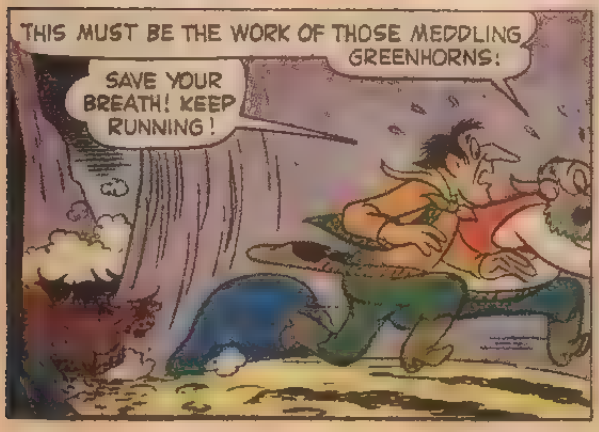

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE RUSTLERS?
I THINK OUR CATTLE DRIVE WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

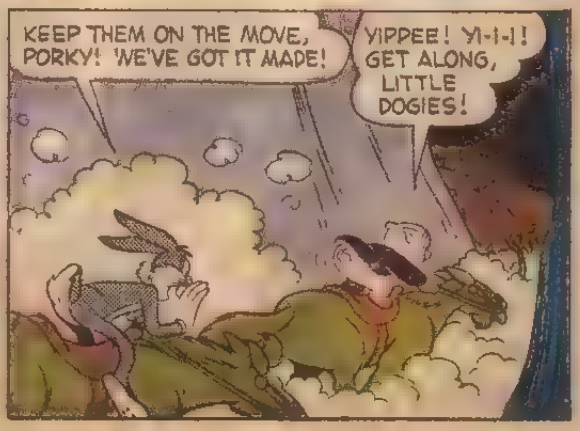

OKAY! LET'S START RATTLING THESE POTS AND PANS!
I'M READY! LET'S GO!


CLANG!
YA-HOO!
BAM!
YIP! YIP! YIP!
CLATTER!
CLANG!

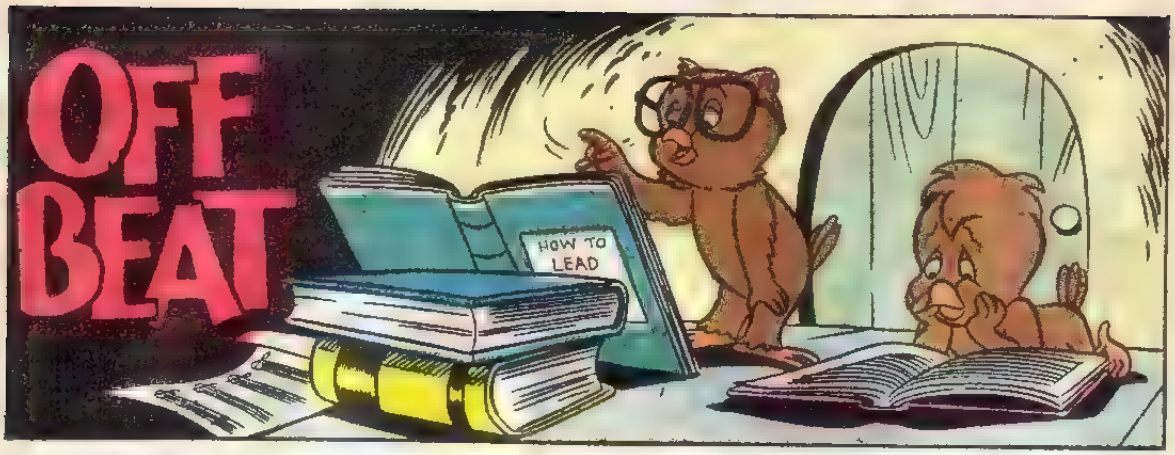

SOMEONE IS STAMPEDING THE CATTLE!
QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!


TOO LATE FOR THAT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
YI-I-I!


THIS MUST BE THE WORK OF THOSE MEDDLING GREENHORNS:
SAVE YOUR BREATH! KEEP RUNNING!


KEEP THEM ON THE MOVE, PORKY! WE'VE GOT IT MADE!
YIPPEE! YI-I-I! GET ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES!

COMES THE DAWN ON OLD BAR-NONE...
HEY, LOOK! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
IT'S THOSE TWO NO-GOOD COWHANDS YOU FIRED LAST WEEK, JACK!
THEY'RE THE RUSTLERS, ALL RIGHT—BUT WHO IS THAT BRINGING THEM IN?
HI YA, UNK! HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING?
BUGS!! YOU BROUGHT THOSE TOUGH HOMBRES IN SINGLEHANDED?
WELL, NOT EXACTLY SINGLEHANDED! MEET MY PARDNER, PANHANDLE PORKY!
HELLO, MR. RABBIT!
HEAD THEM AROUND TOWARD TOWN, BUGS! YOU TWO CAN COLLECT A SIZEABLE REWARD FROM THE SHERIFF!
SWELL!
BUT IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, UNCLE JACK, WE'LL WALK AND LET THESE RUSTLERS RIDE!
WHAT?
THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE HARD WAY TO TAKE THOSE CRITTERS IN!
NO, IT'S THE EASY WAY... IT'S THOSE SADDLES THAT ARE HARD!
YEAH! US MODERN CITY DWELLERS ARE NOT TOUGHENED UP TO SUCH RUGGED TRANSPORTATION!
HAW!



"Hey, there, Ollie!" cried Henery Hawk early one morning, as he sped up the walk to his friend's house, waving a tightly-folded newspaper above his head. "Wait till you hear the news."

"Indeed?" queried Ollie, peering inquisitively at Henery through his horn-rimmed spectacles. "It must be unusual news to get you up so early."

"It's sure lucky I found out about it so soon," stated Henery, as he settled down on the top step of Ollie's front porch. "You see, they're going to give all the kids a chance to be conductors this afternoon."

"Conductors?" exclaimed Ollie. "I've always dreamed of being a conductor. Why, I have books . . ."

"That's why I came over right away," interrupted Henery in explanation. "The newspaper says we have to take a simple test before we qualify for the job, and I figured you'd help me learn enough to pass."

Ollie smiled at his eager little friend. "Of course, Henery," he nodded. "You came to the right person. Why," he added with an eloquent wave of his hand, "when I've finished helping you, you'll know as much as I do. We'll both pass the test with flying colors."

"And be conductors!" shouted Henery gleefully. "Oh, boy, this will be fun!"

Ollie nodded once more and then led Henery into his study, which was lined with books of every description.

"These will do for a start," announced Ollie, pulling a few books from the shelves and reading their titles aloud, *"How to Lead a Symphony Orchestra; A General History of Music in Bechuanaland;* and, *The Biography of Alfredo Toscanova!"*

"Gee," murmured Henery, quite overwhelmed, "are you sure we'll have to know about things like that?"

"We must be prepared for any eventuality," said Ollie, with a stern shake of his forefinger. "This way we're sure to impress them with the fact that we are authorities on every aspect of conducting."

"Well, all right, if you say so," muttered Henery, looking slightly bewildered. He opened the first of the heavy books before him.

The pair worked diligently all morning and were filled to bursting with various bits of odd information by that afternoon.

Henery eagerly led the way toward town, while Ollie proudly recited their newly acquired information.

"Now don't forget," Ollie admonished as he trotted along behind Henery, "that the early Gregorian chants . . . where are you going?" Henery began marching determinedly toward a large barnlike building.

"This isn't the concert hall. It's the streetcar terminal!" Ollie sputtered in amazement.

"Now I get it! You thought I was talking about music," chuckled Henery. "Well I wasn't! We're going to take a test to be junior *streetcar* conductors, not *orchestra* conductors," he explained. Then he added reassuringly, "But it's supposed to be an easy test, Ollie, so we'll probably pass it, anyway. Helping to run a streetcar will be loads of fun."

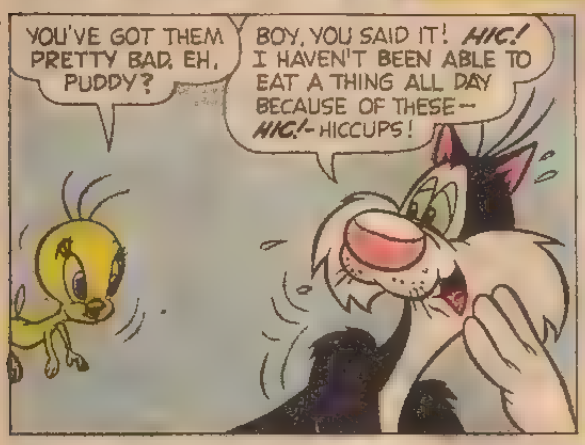
"I suppose so," conceded a very embarrassed Ollie. "But I'm sure glad you warned me," he laughed, "so I can conduct myself accordingly!"

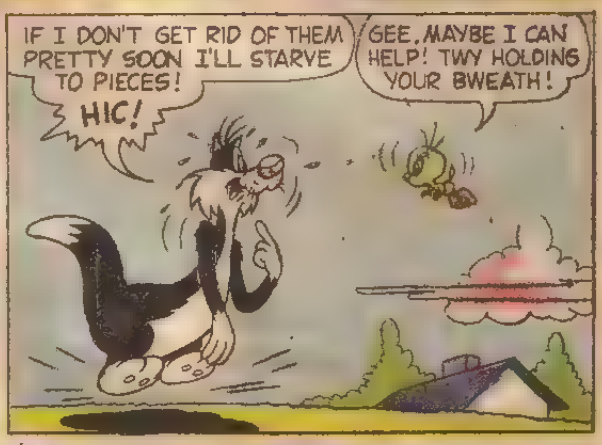
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS PRESENT

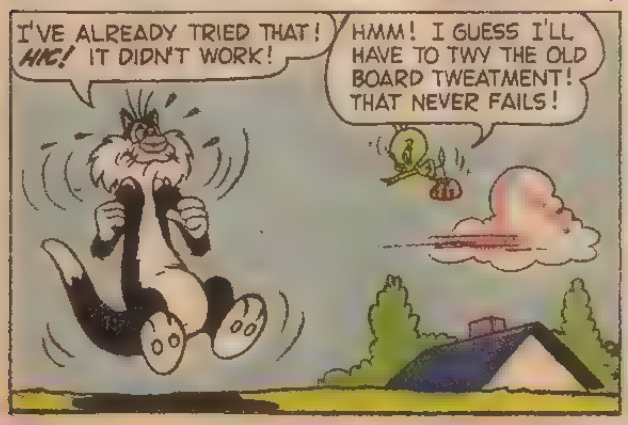
Tweety and SYLVESTER in TREATMENT TRADERS

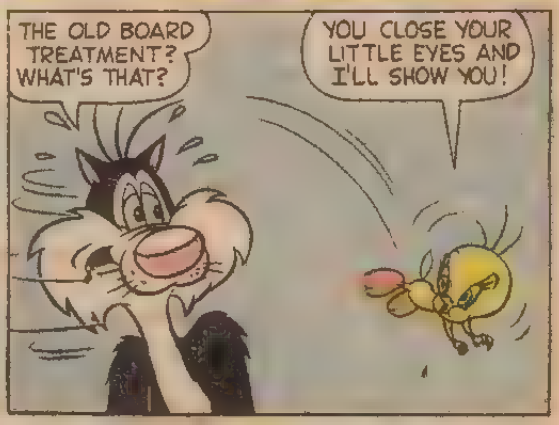
HIC! OH, DEAR! HIC! EGAD! HIC! HIC! SUFFERIN' SUCCOTASH! HIC!

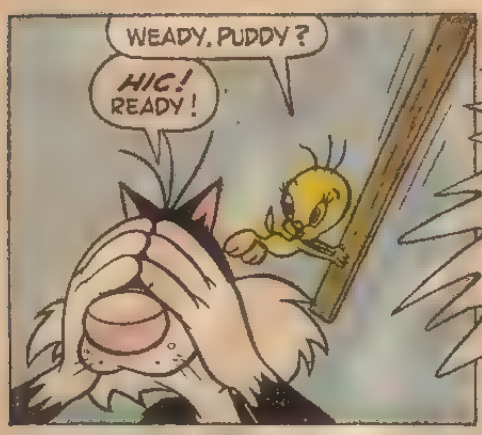
AW, POOR PUDDY HAS THE HICCYCUPS!



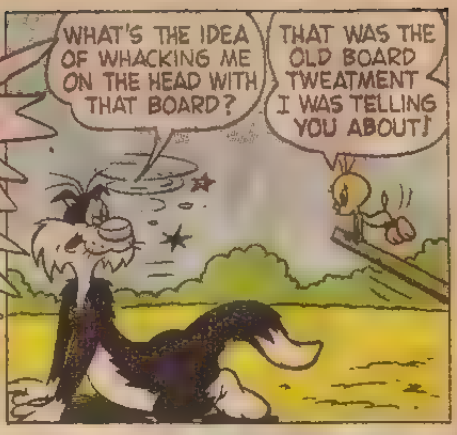


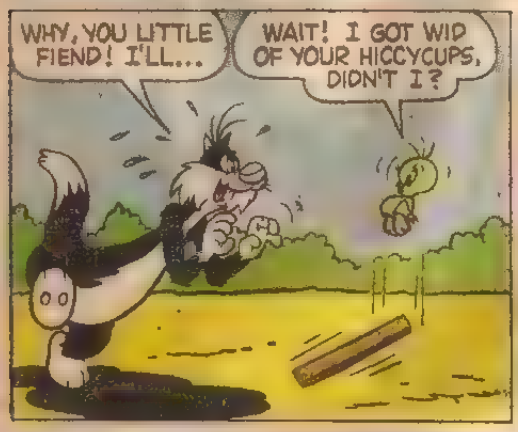


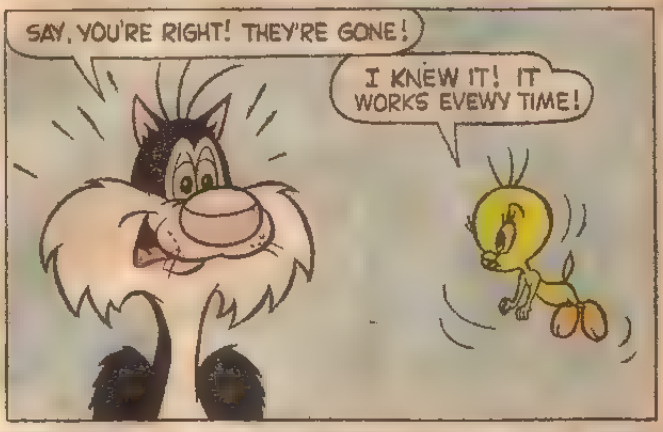


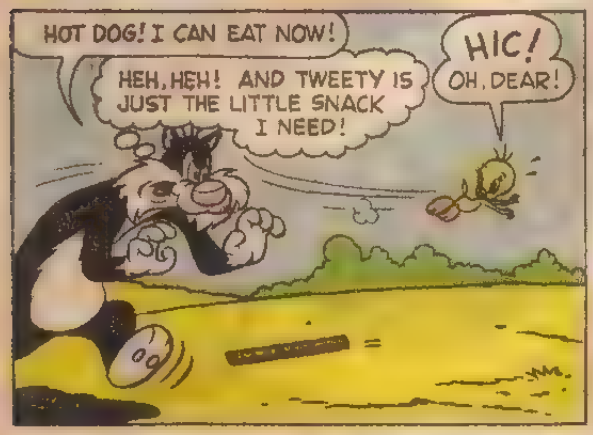

WEADY, PUDDY?
HIC! READY!

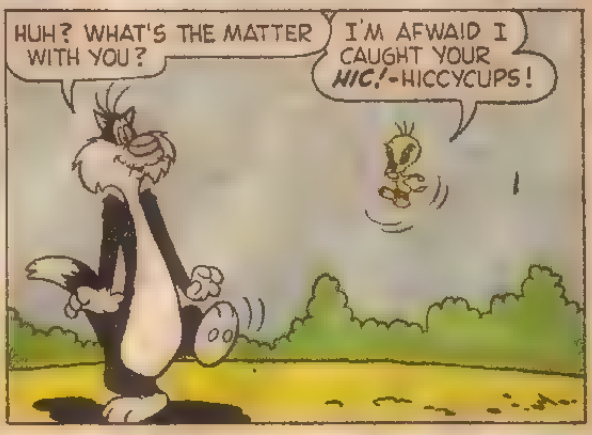
WHAM!

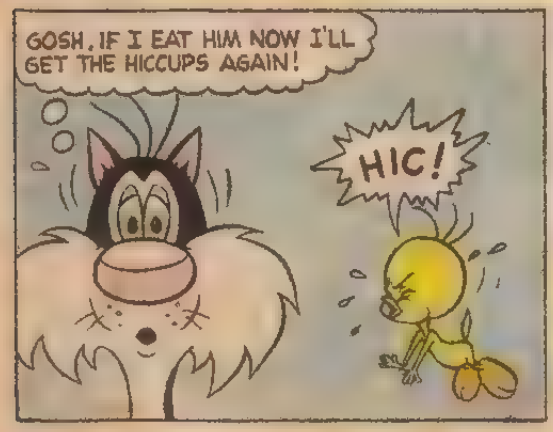

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF WHACKING ME ON THE HEAD WITH THAT BOARD?
THAT WAS THE OLD BOARD TWEATMENT I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT!

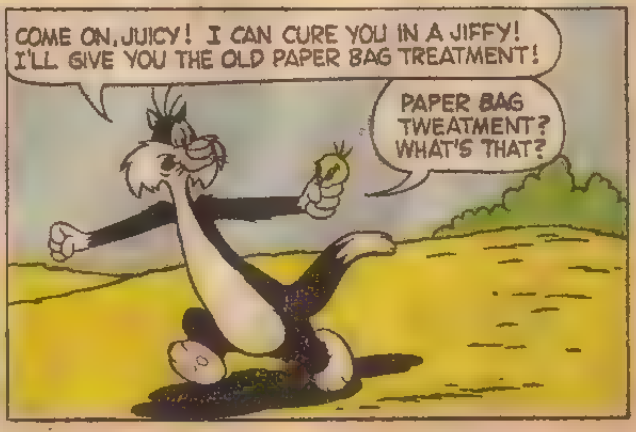

WHY, YOU LITTLE FIEND! I'LL...
WAIT! I GOT WID OF YOUR HICCYCUPS, DIDN'T I?


SAY, YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY'RE GONE!
I KNEW IT! IT WORKS EVEWY TIME!

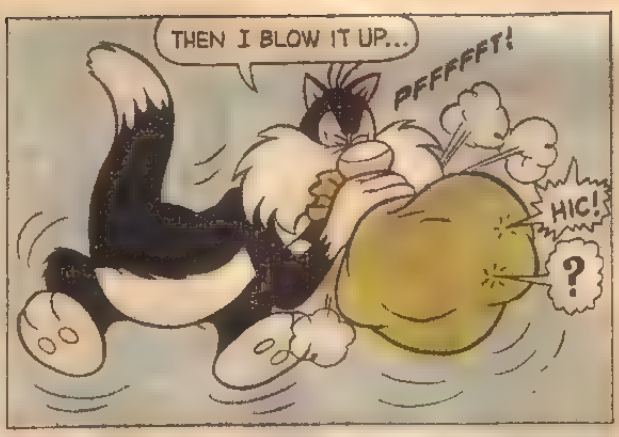

HOT DOG! I CAN EAT NOW!
HEH, HEH! AND TWEETY IS JUST THE LITTLE SNACK I NEED!
HIC! OH, DEAR!

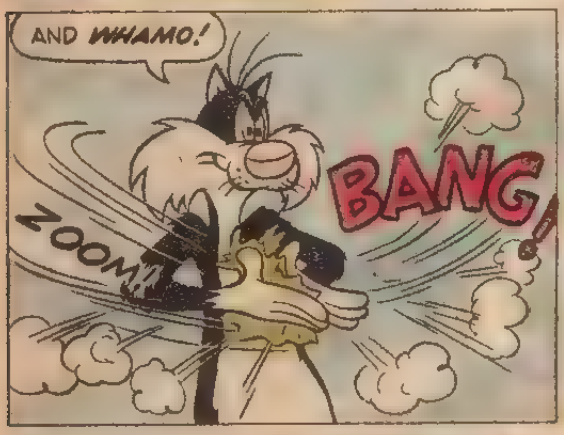

HUH? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
I'M AFWAID I CAUGHT YOUR HIC!-HICCYCUPS!

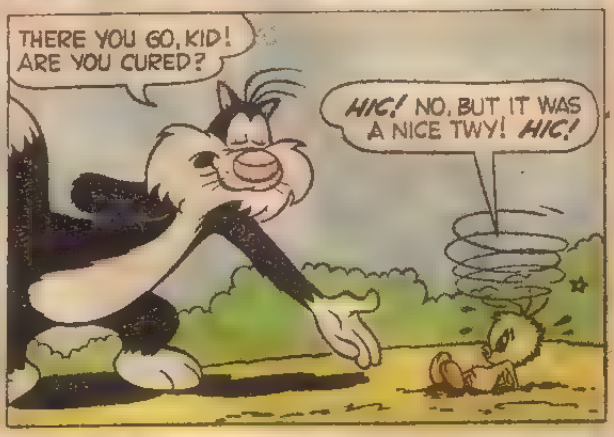

GOSH, IF I EAT HIM NOW I'LL GET THE HICCUPS AGAIN!
HIC!


COME ON, JUICY! I CAN CURE YOU IN A JIFFY! I'LL GIVE YOU THE OLD PAPER BAG TREATMENT!
PAPER BAG TWEATMENT? WHAT'S THAT?

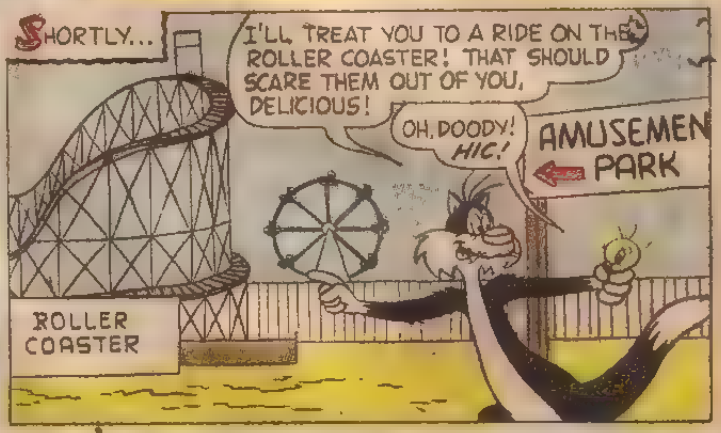
IT'S VERY SIMPLE! FIRST, I DROP YOU INTO THIS OLD PAPER BAG...
HIC!

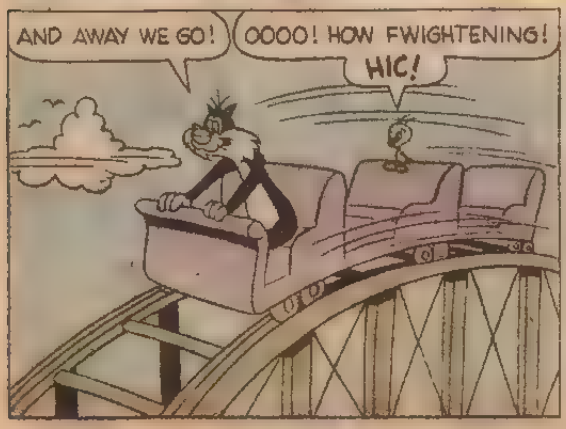

THEN I BLOW IT UP...
PFFFFFT!
HIC!
?


AND WHAMO!
BANG!
ZOOM!

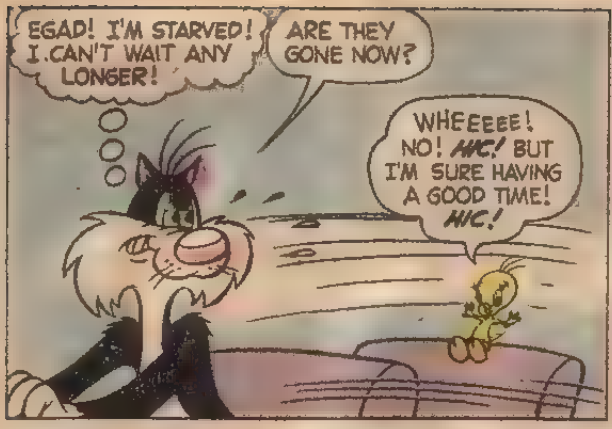

THERE YOU GO, KID! ARE YOU CURED?
HIC! NO, BUT IT WAS A NICE TWY! HIC!

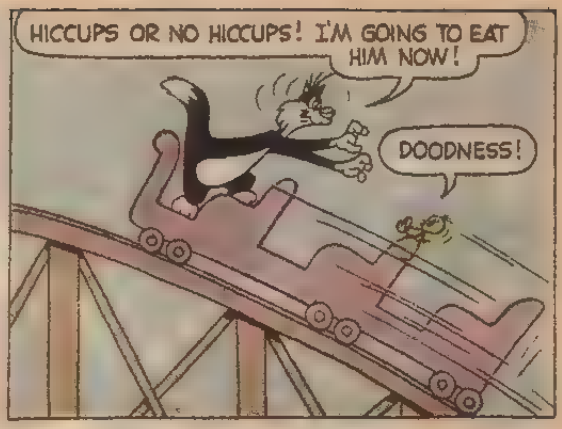
DRAT! I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE! I KNOW, I'LL GIVE HIM A GOOD SCARE!

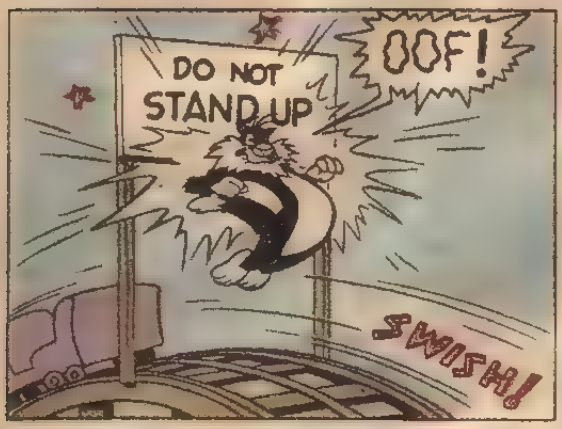

SHORTLY...
I'LL TREAT YOU TO A RIDE ON THE ROLLER COASTER! THAT SHOULD SCARE THEM OUT OF YOU, DELICIOUS!
OH, DOODY! HIC!
AMUSEMEN
PARK
ROLLER COASTER

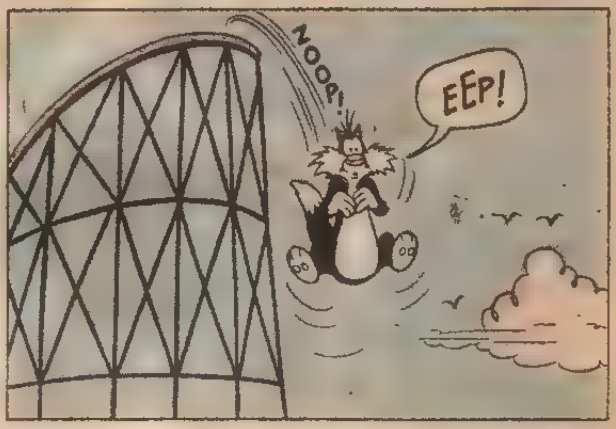

AND AWAY WE GO!
OOOO! HOW FWIGHTENING! HIC!

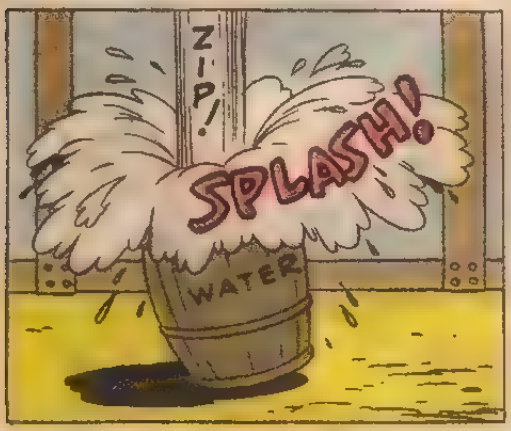
GASP!
WHEEEEEE! HIC!
ZOOM!

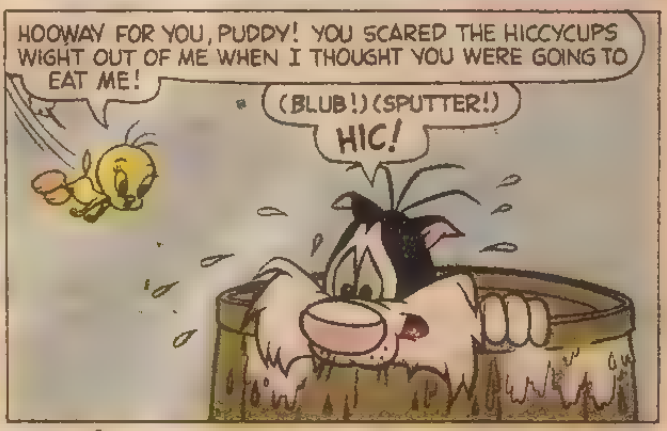

EGAD! I'M STARVED! I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER!
ARE THEY GONE NOW?
WHEEEEE! NO! HIC! BUT I'M SURE HAVING A GOOD TIME! HIC!

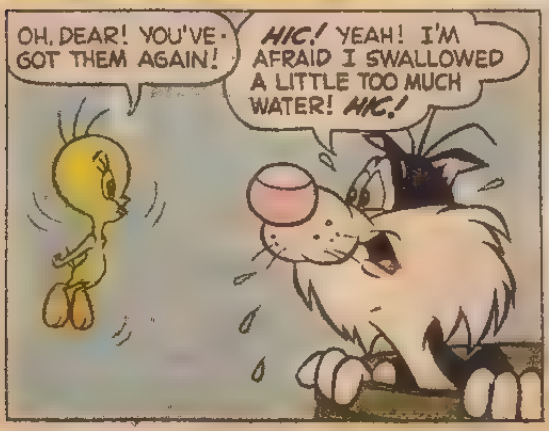

HICCUPS OR NO HICCUPS! I'M GOING TO EAT HIM NOW!
DOODNESS!

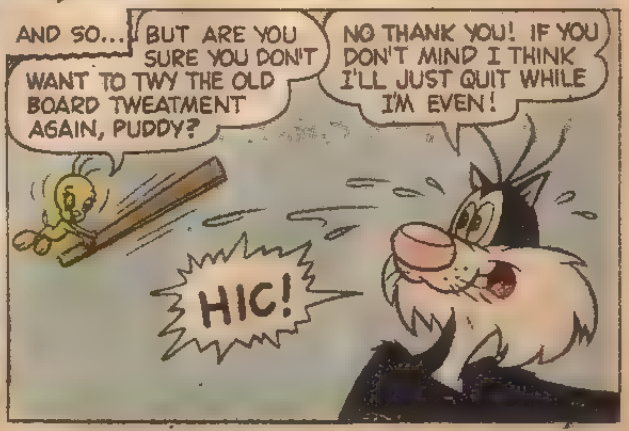

DO NOT STAND UP
OOF!
SWISH!


NOOA!
EEP!


ZIP!
SPLASH!
WATER


HOOWAY FOR YOU, PUDDY! YOU SCARED THE HICCYCUPS WIGHT OUT OF ME WHEN I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO EAT ME!
(BLUB!) (SPUTTER!) HIC!


OH, DEAR! YOU'VE GOT THEM AGAIN!
HIC! YEAH! I'M AFRAID I SWALLOWED A LITTLE TOO MUCH WATER! HIC!


AND SO...
BUT ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO TWY THE OLD BOARD TWEATMENT AGAIN, PUDDY?
NO THANK YOU! IF YOU DON'T MIND I THINK I'LL JUST QUIT WHILE I'M EVEN!
HIC!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS PRESENT

BUGS BUNNY and the YOUNG OLD-TIMER

HURRY, DOC! HURRY!

GOLLY, BUGS, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOUR GWANDPA WAS A SEA CAPTAIN!

SHIPPING

TO HARBOR

ZOOM!

HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE RETIRED NOW, BUT HE PHONED TO TELL ME THAT HE IS SAILING OUT TO SEA AGAIN (*GULP!*) ALONE!

HE'S TOO OLD TO BE SAILING AROUND BY HIMSELF! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

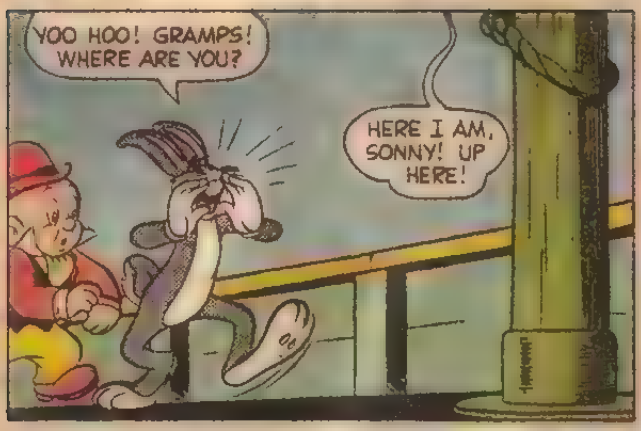
LOOK! IS THAT HIS SHIP?

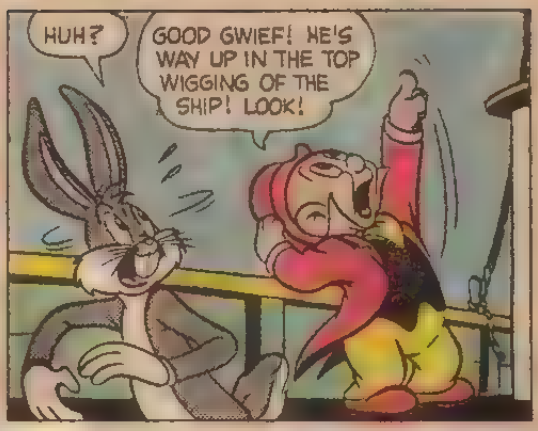
THE SAND WITCH! YEP! THAT'S IT! HOT DOGS! WE MADE IT IN TIME!

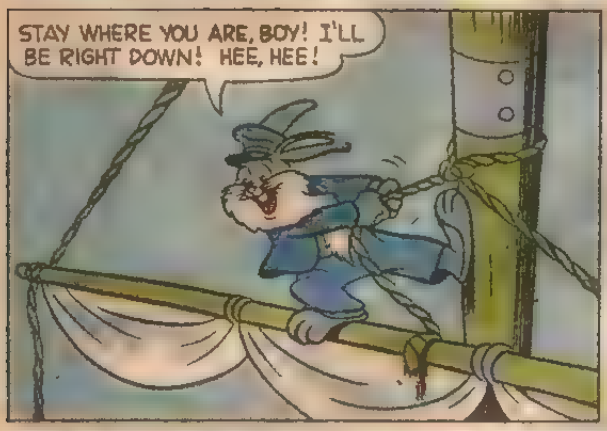
SAND WITCH

SCREECH!

COME ON! LET'S GET ABOARD AND FIND THE OLD RASCAL!

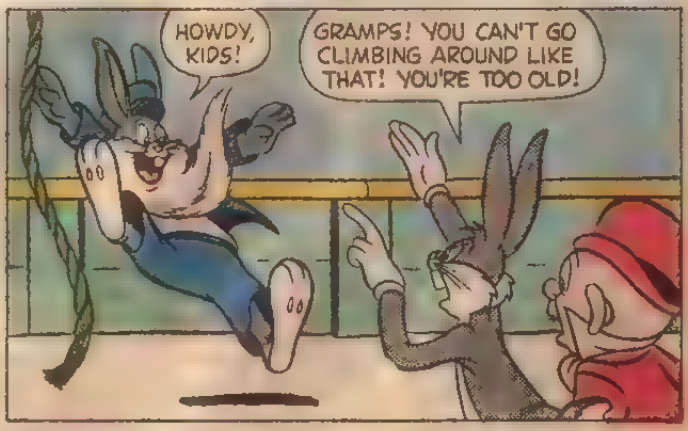

YOO HOO! GRAMPS! WHERE ARE YOU?
HERE I AM, SONNY! UP HERE!

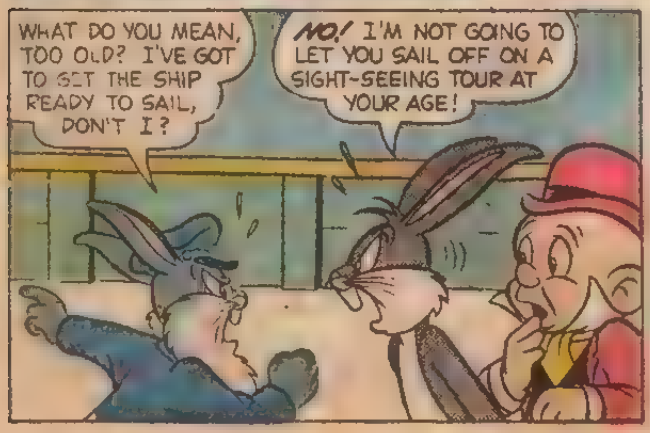

HUH?
GOOD GWIEF! HE'S WAY UP IN THE TOP WIGGING OF THE SHIP! LOOK!

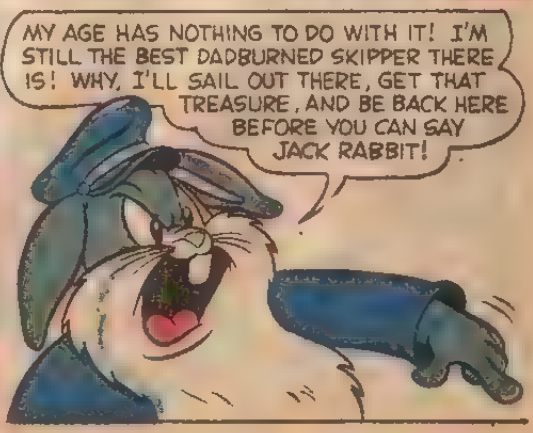

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, BOY! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN! HEE, HEE!

HERE I COME!
(GASP!) NO, NO, GRAMPS!

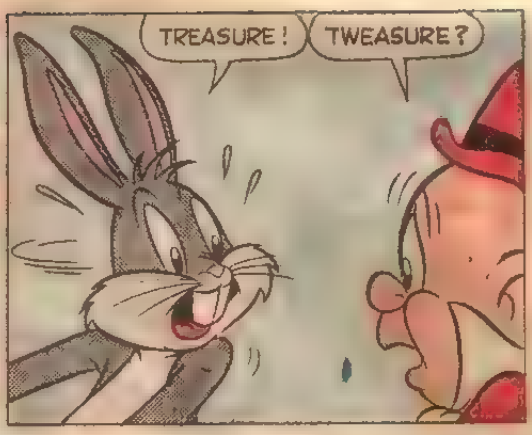
ZOOM!
WHEEE-EE!

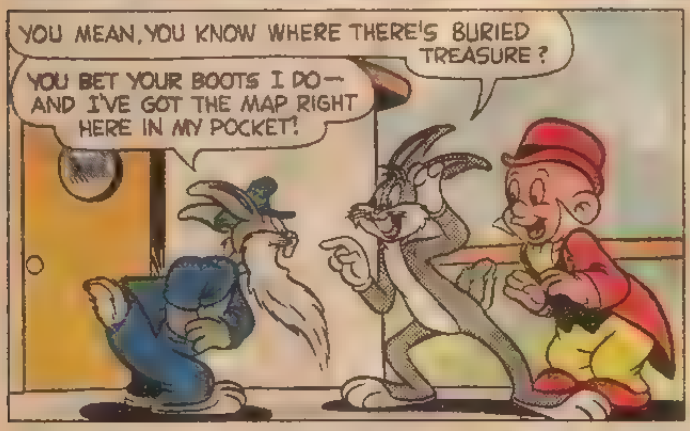

HOWDY, KIDS!
GRAMPS! YOU CAN'T GO CLIMBING AROUND LIKE THAT! YOU'RE TOO OLD!


WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TOO OLD? I'VE GOT TO GET THE SHIP READY TO SAIL, DON'T I?
NO! I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU SAIL OFF ON A SIGHT-SEEING TOUR AT YOUR AGE!

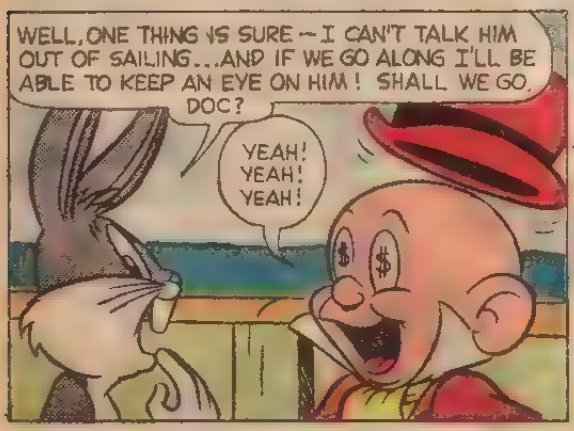

MY AGE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! I'M STILL THE BEST DADBURNED SKIPPER THERE IS! WHY, I'LL SAIL OUT THERE, GET THAT TREASURE, AND BE BACK HERE BEFORE YOU CAN SAY JACK RABBIT!

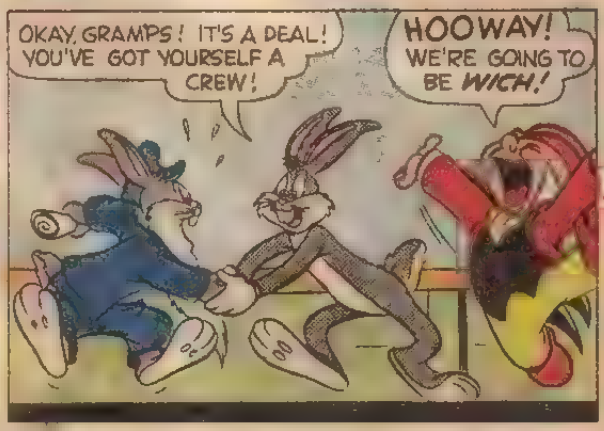
OH, YEAH? WELL, TREASURE OR NO TREASURE, YOU'RE NOT...

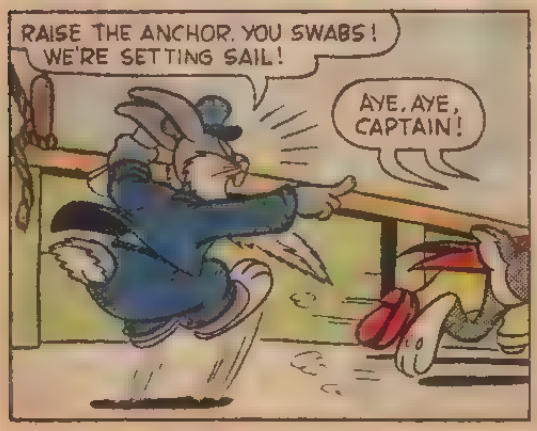

TREASURE!
TWEASURE?

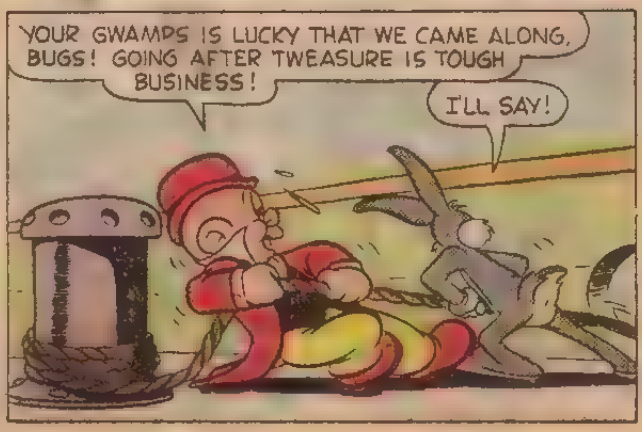

YOU MEAN, YOU KNOW WHERE THERE'S BURIED TREASURE?
YOU BET YOUR BOOTS I DO— AND I'VE GOT THE MAP RIGHT HERE IN MY POCKET!

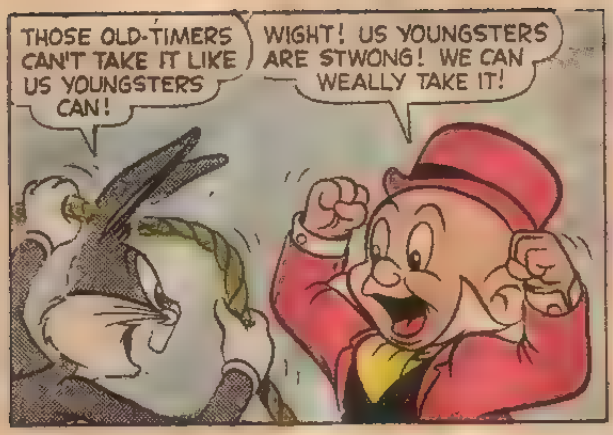
I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU TWO! SIGN ON AS MY CREW AND I'LL SPLIT THE TREASURE FIFTY-FIFTY WITH YOU! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

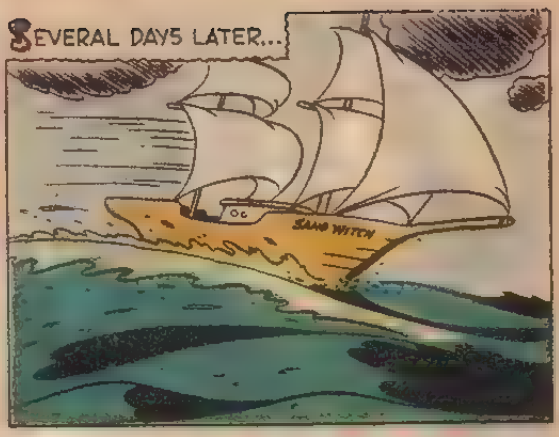

WELL, ONE THING IS SURE—I CAN'T TALK HIM OUT OF SAILING...AND IF WE GO ALONG I'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM! SHALL WE GO, DOC?
YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!

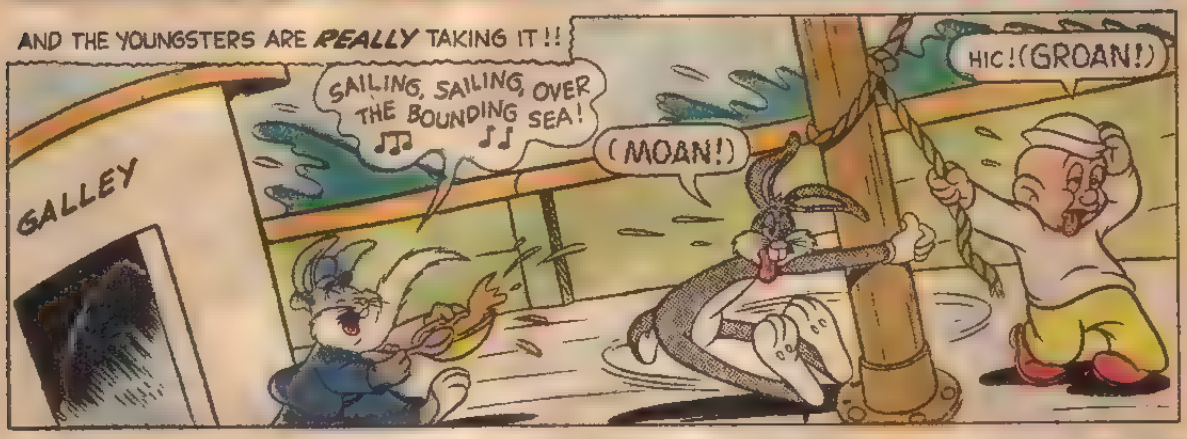

OKAY, GRAMPS! IT'S A DEAL! YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A CREW!
HOOWAY! WE'RE GOING TO BE WICH!

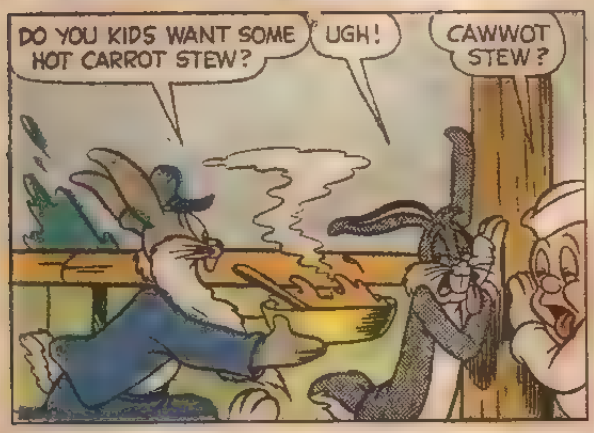

RAISE THE ANCHOR, YOU SWABS! WE'RE SETTING SAIL!
AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN!

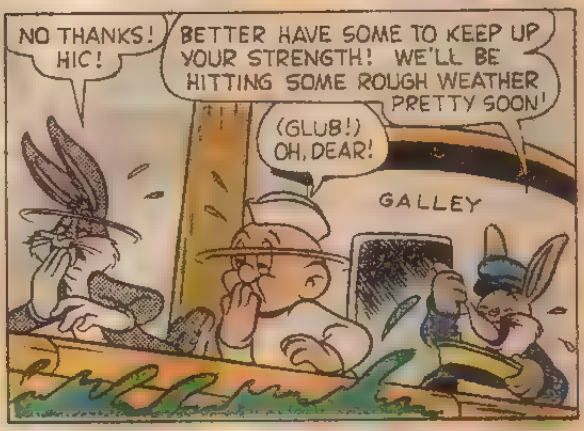

YOUR GWAMPS IS LUCKY THAT WE CAME ALONG, BUGS! GOING AFTER TWEASURE IS TOUGH BUSINESS!
I'LL SAY!

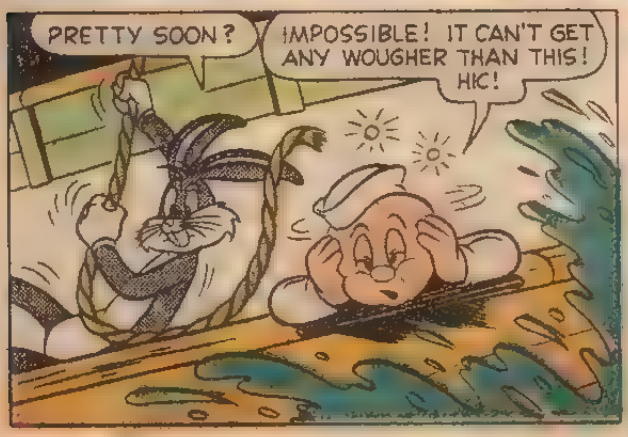

THOSE OLD-TIMERS CAN'T TAKE IT LIKE US YOUNGSTERS CAN!
WIGHT! US YOUNGSTERS ARE STWONG! WE CAN WEALLY TAKE IT!

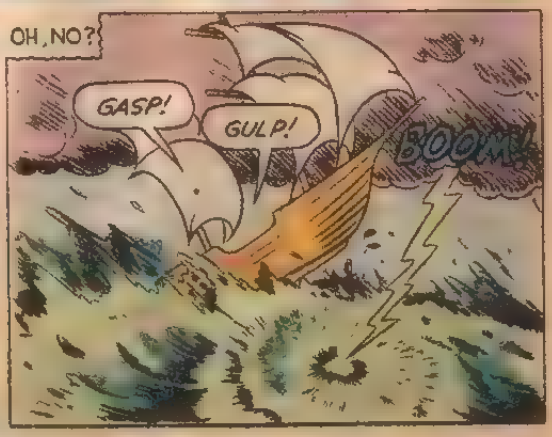

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
SAND WITCH

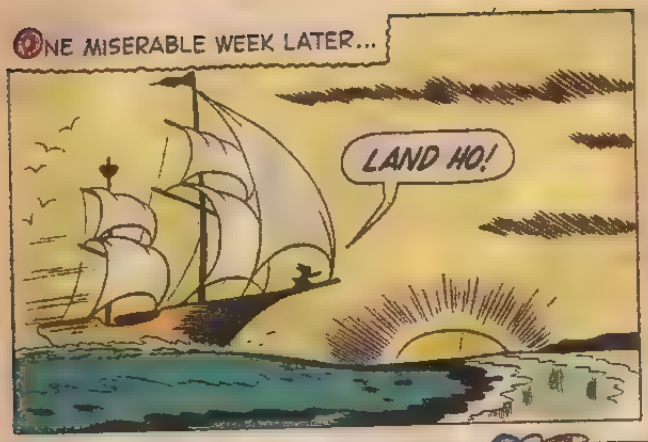

AND THE YOUNGSTERS ARE *REALLY* TAKING IT!!
GALLEY
SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE BOUNDING SEA!
(MOAN!)
HIC! (GROAN!)


DO YOU KIDS WANT SOME HOT CARROT STEW?
UGH!
CAWWOT STEW?

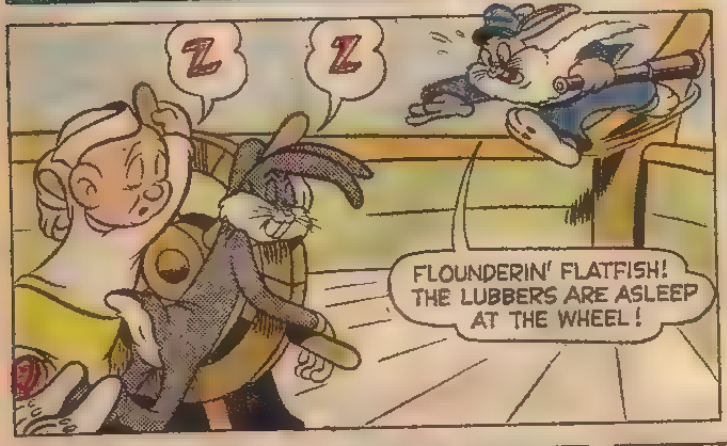

NO THANKS! HIC!
BETTER HAVE SOME TO KEEP UP YOUR STRENGTH! WE'LL BE HITTING SOME ROUGH WEATHER PRETTY SOON!
(GLUB!) OH, DEAR!
GALLEY

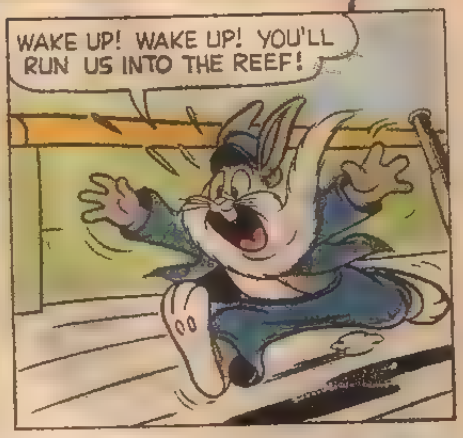

PRETTY SOON?
IMPOSSIBLE! IT CAN'T GET ANY WOUGHER THAN THIS! HIC!

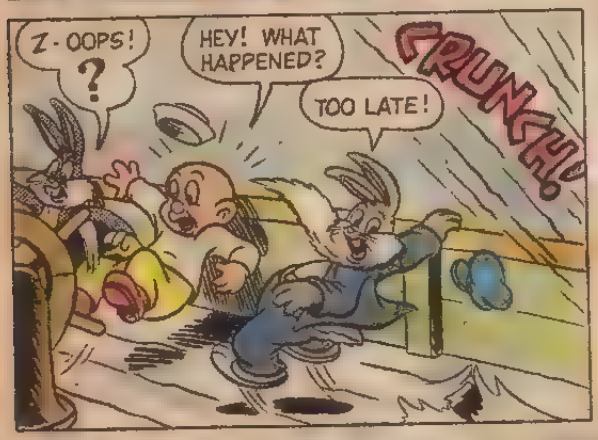

OH, NO?
GASP!
GULP!
BOOM!

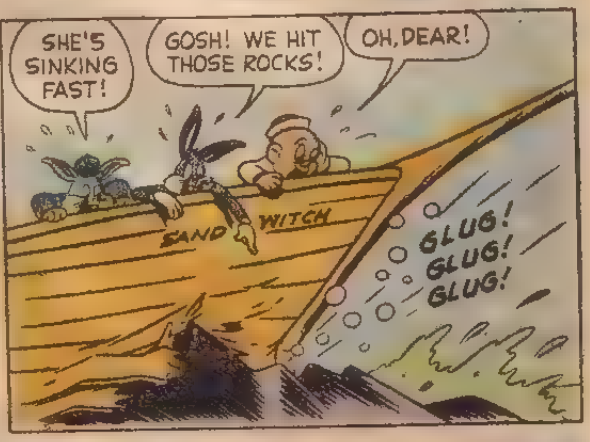

ONE MISERABLE WEEK LATER...
LAND HO!

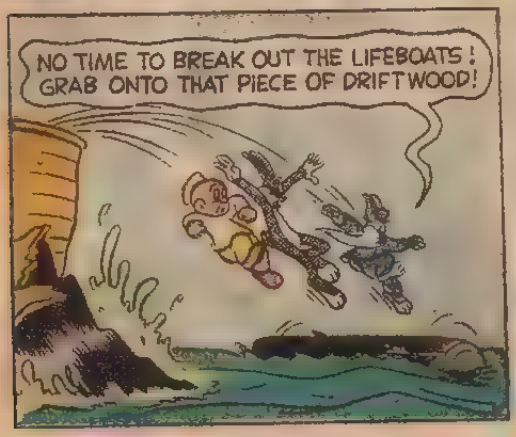
THAT'S THE ISLAND WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, KIDS! THERE'S WHERE WE'LL FIND THE TREASURE AND...

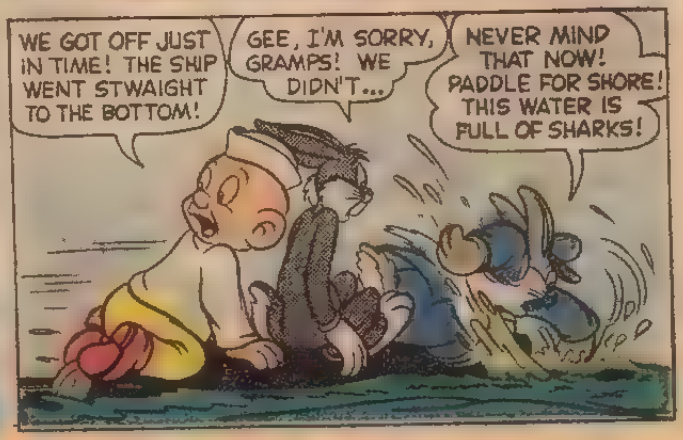

Z
Z
FLOUNDERIN' FLATFISH! THE LUBBERS ARE ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL!

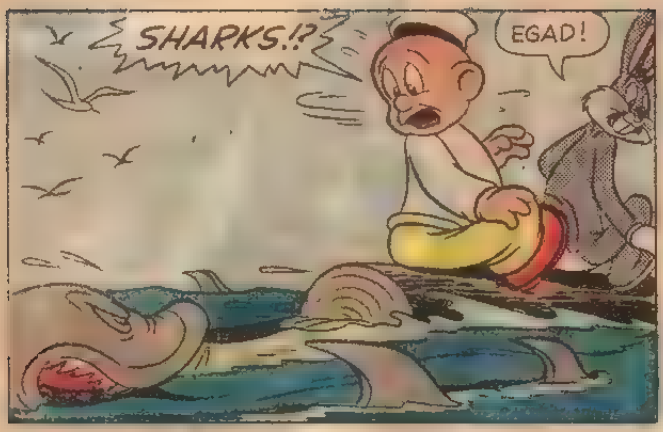

WAKE UP! WAKE UP! YOU'LL RUN US INTO THE REEF!

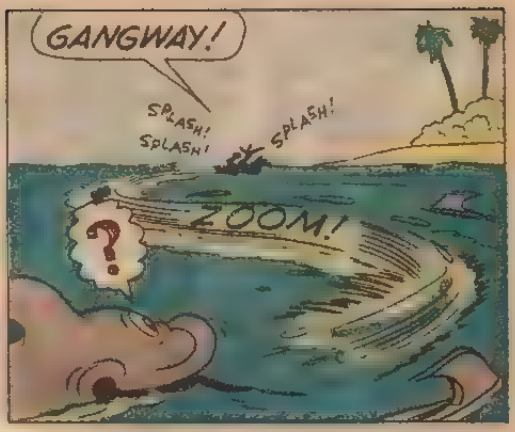

Z-OOPS!
?
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED?
TOO LATE!
CRUNCH!

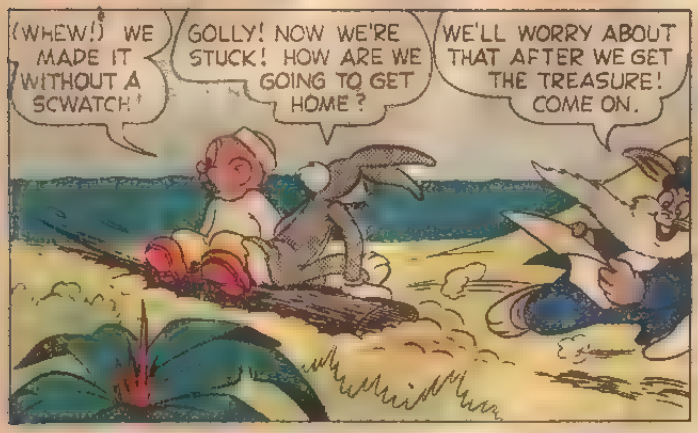

SHE'S SINKING FAST!
GOSH! WE HIT THOSE ROCKS!
OH, DEAR!
SAND WITCH
GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!

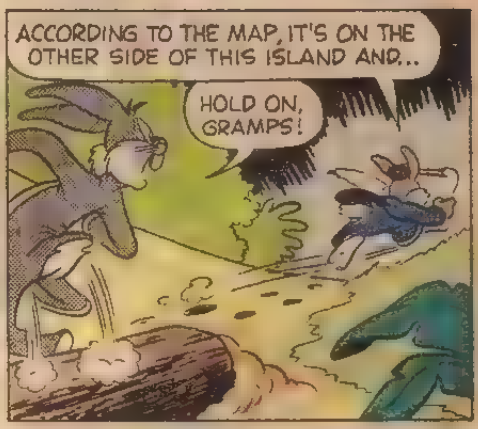

NO TIME TO BREAK OUT THE LIFEBOATS! GRAB ONTO THAT PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD!

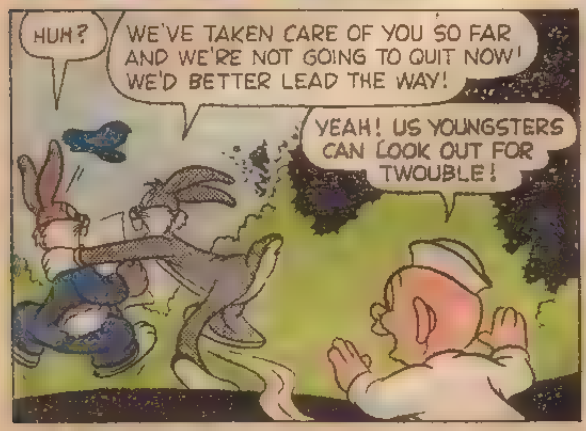

WE GOT OFF JUST IN TIME! THE SHIP WENT STWAIGHT TO THE BOTTOM!
GEE, I'M SORRY, GRAMPS! WE DIDN'T...
NEVER MIND THAT NOW! PADDLE FOR SHORE! THIS WATER IS FULL OF SHARKS!

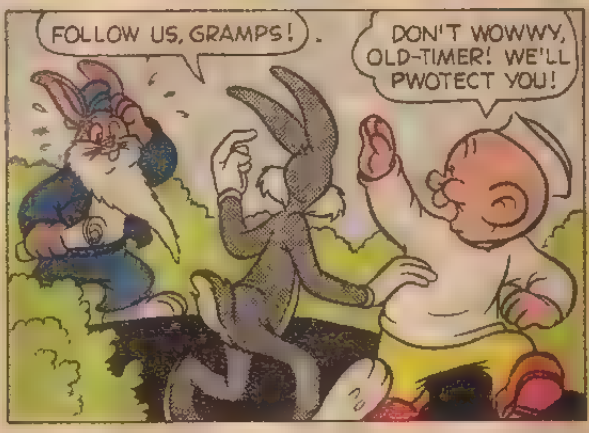

SHARKS!?
EGAD!

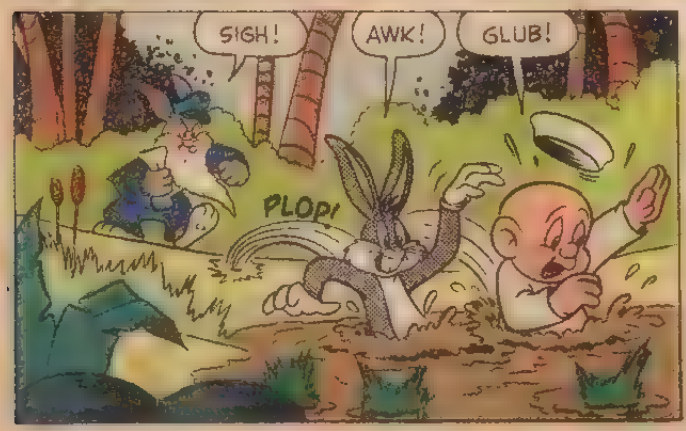

GANGWAY!
SPLASH! SPLASH!
SPLASH!
?
ZOOM!

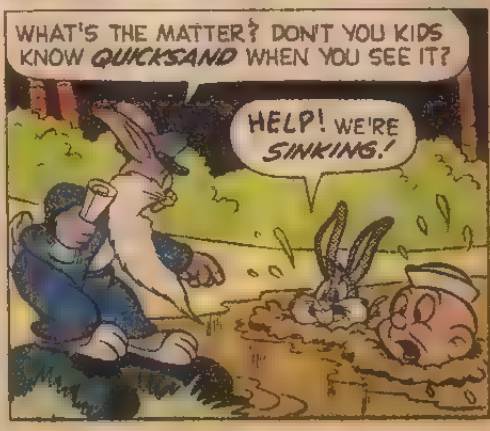

(WHEW!) WE MADE IT WITHOUT A SCWATCH!
GOLLY! NOW WE'RE STUCK! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET HOME?
WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT AFTER WE GET THE TREASURE! COME ON.

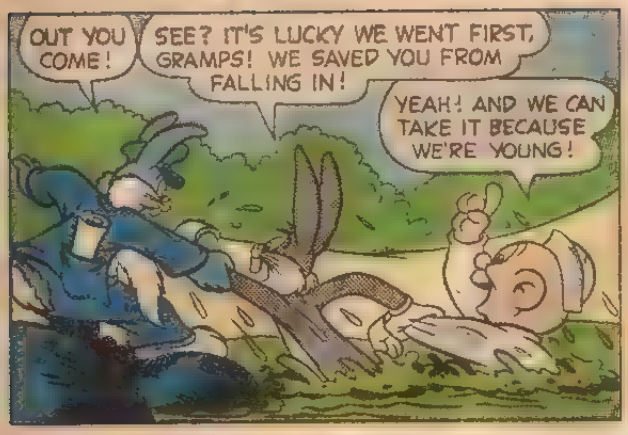

ACCORDING TO THE MAP, IT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS ISLAND AND...
HOLD ON, GRAMPS!

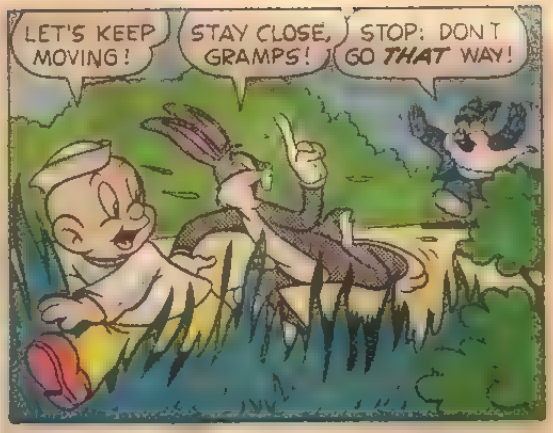

HUH?
WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF YOU SO FAR AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO QUIT NOW! WE'D BETTER LEAD THE WAY!
YEAH! US YOUNGSTERS CAN LOOK OUT FOR TWOUBLE!


FOLLOW US, GRAMPS!
DON'T WOWWY, OLD-TIMER! WE'LL PWOTECT YOU!

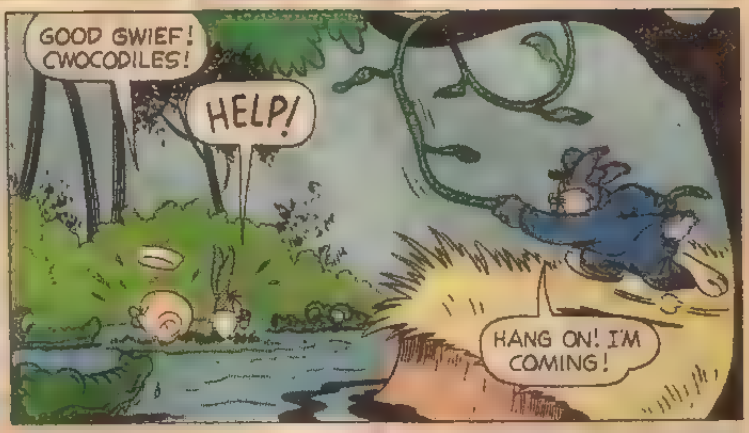

SIGH!
AWK!
GLUB!
PLOP!

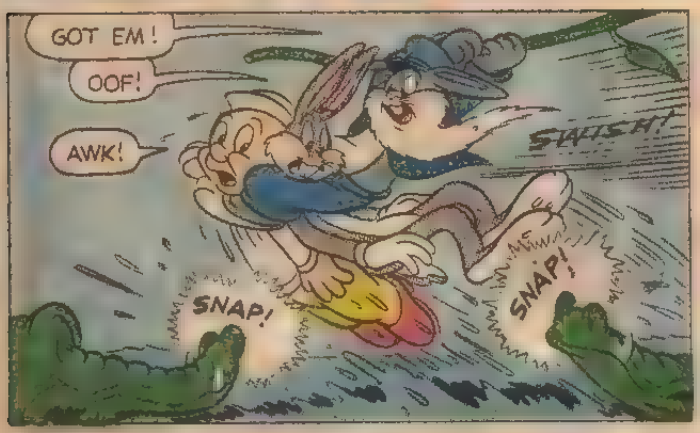

WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T YOU KIDS KNOW QUICKSAND WHEN YOU SEE IT?
HELP! WE'RE SINKING!

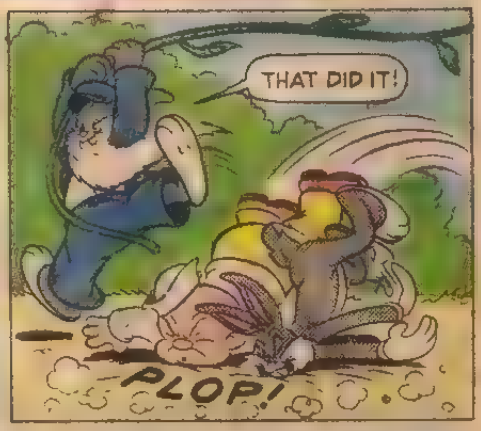

OUT YOU COME!
SEE? IT'S LUCKY WE WENT FIRST, GRAMPS! WE SAVED YOU FROM FALLING IN!
YEAH! AND WE CAN TAKE IT BECAUSE WE'RE YOUNG!

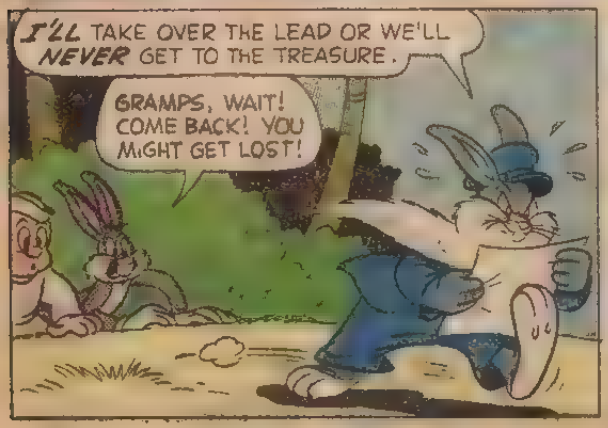

LET'S KEEP MOVING!
STAY CLOSE, GRAMPS!
STOP: DON'T GO THAT WAY!

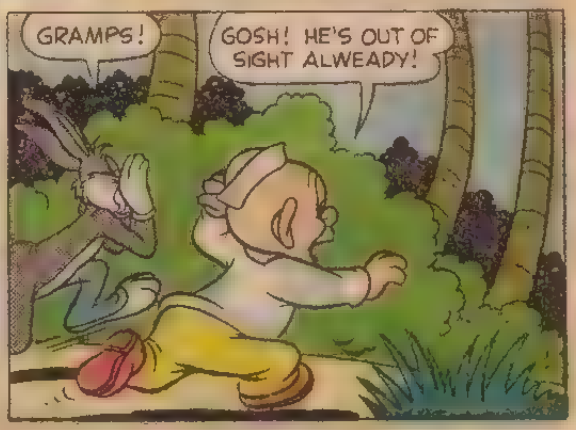
SPLASH!
DAGNABIT! THEY DID IT AGAIN!

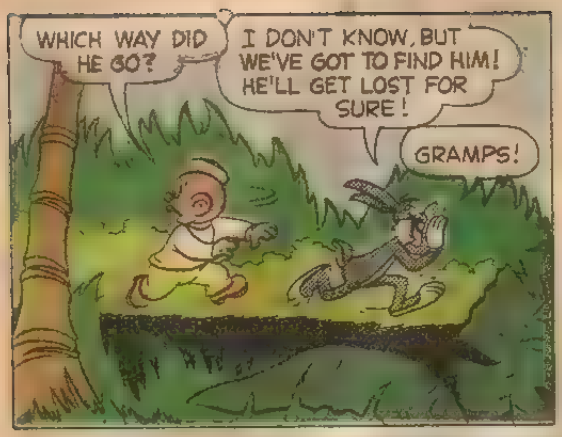

GOOD GWIEF! CWOCODILES!
HELP!
HANG ON! I'M COMING!

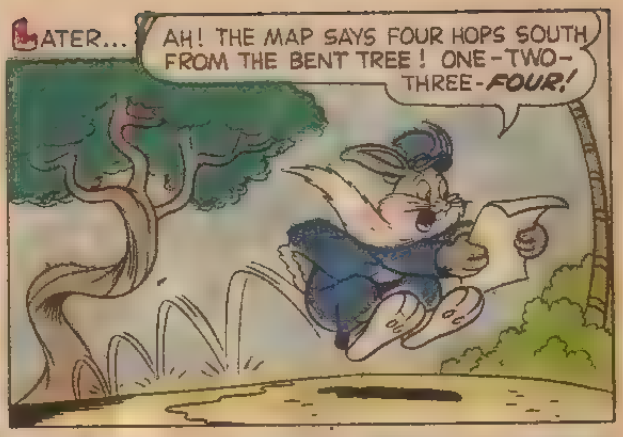

GOT EM!
OOF!
AWK!
SNAP!
SNAP!

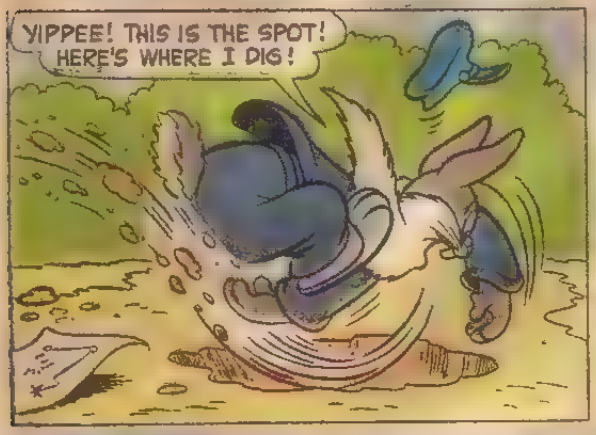

THAT DID IT!
PLOP!

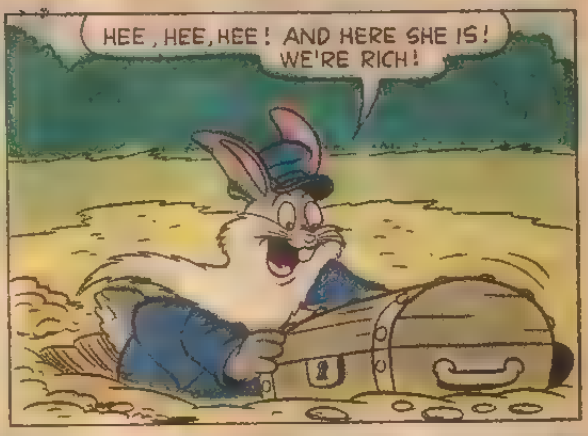

I'LL TAKE OVER THE LEAD OR WE'LL NEVER GET TO THE TREASURE.
GRAMPS, WAIT! COME BACK! YOU MIGHT GET LOST!

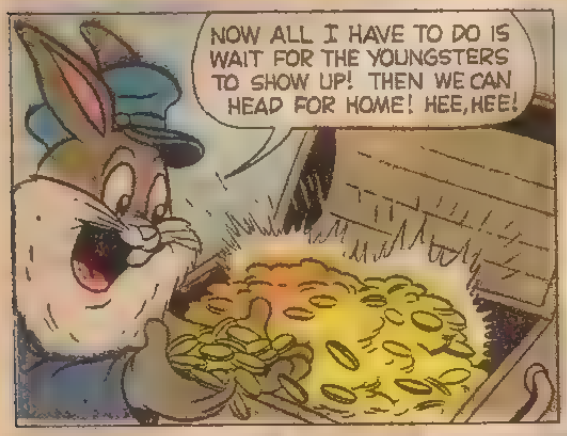

GRAMPS!
GOSH! HE'S OUT OF SIGHT ALWEADY!

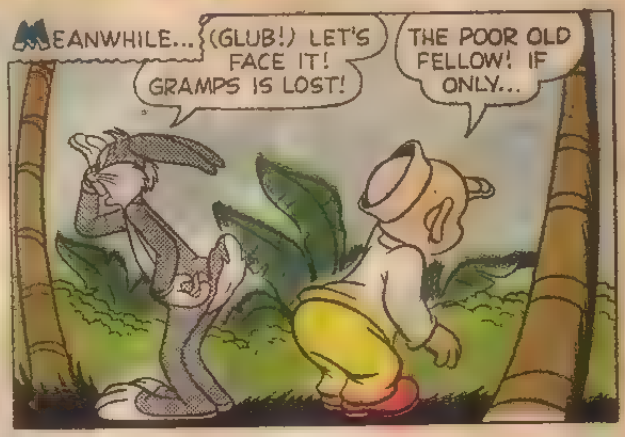

WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! HE'LL GET LOST FOR SURE!
GRAMPS!

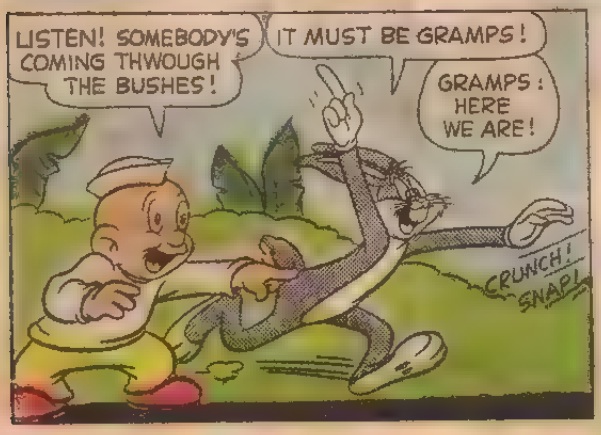

LATER...
AH! THE MAP SAYS FOUR HOPS SOUTH FROM THE BENT TREE! ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR!

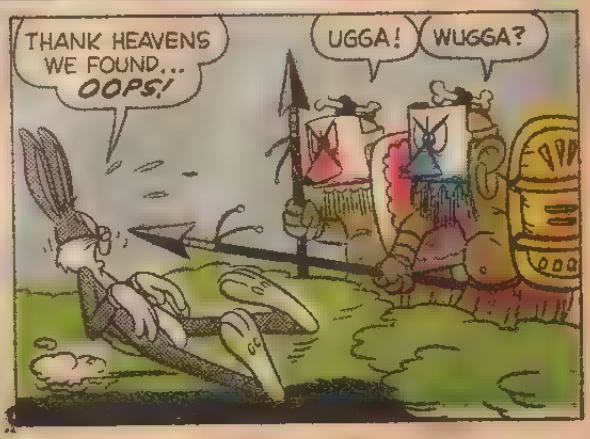

YIPPEE! THIS IS THE SPOT! HERE'S WHERE I DIG!


HEE, HEE, HEE! AND HERE SHE IS! WE'RE RICH!

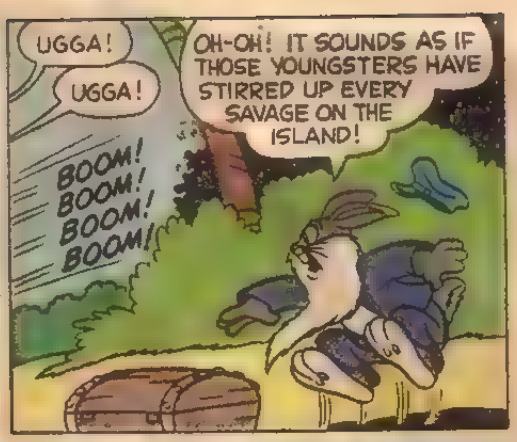

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR THE YOUNGSTERS TO SHOW UP! THEN WE CAN HEAD FOR HOME! HEE, HEE!

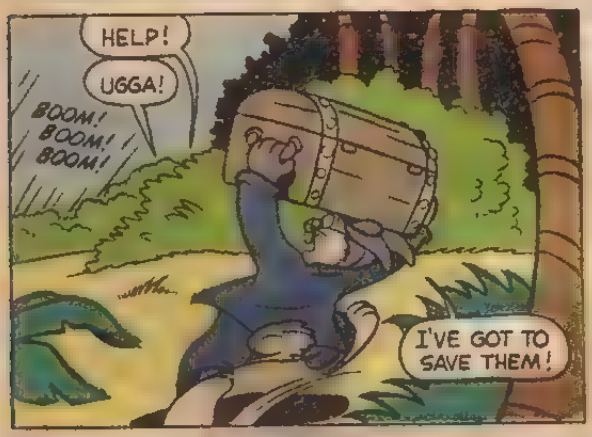

MEANWHILE...
(GLUB!) LET'S FACE IT! GRAMPS IS LOST!
THE POOR OLD FELLOW! IF ONLY...

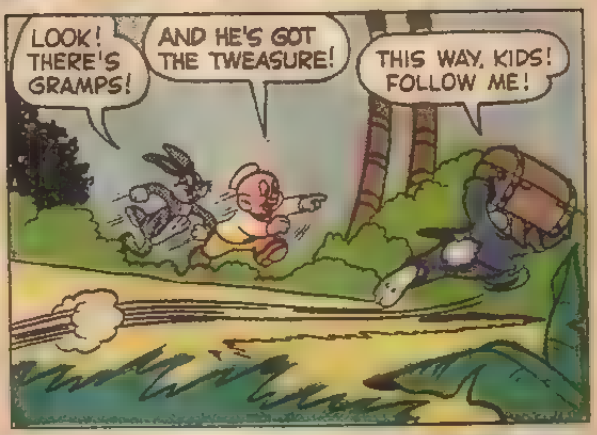

LISTEN! SOMEBODY'S COMING THWOUGH THE BUSHES!
IT MUST BE GRAMPS!
GRAMPS: HERE WE ARE!
CRUNCH! SNAP!

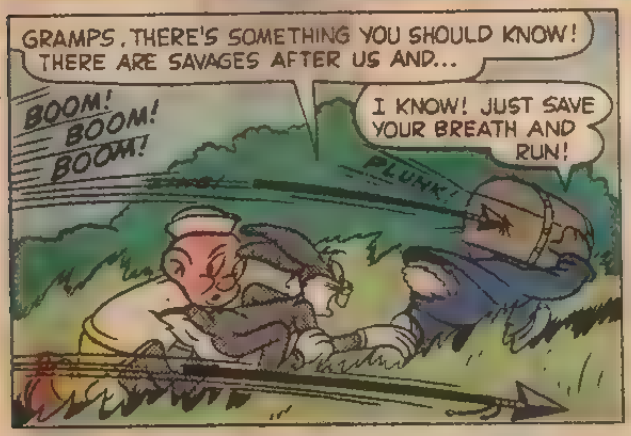

THANK HEAVENS WE FOUND... OOPS!
UGGA!
WUGGA?

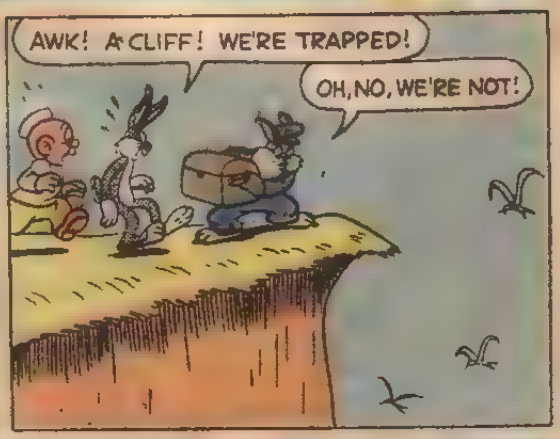
SAVAGES! RUN FOR IT!
EEK!
UGGA! UGGA!
GURR!
UGA!
ZING!

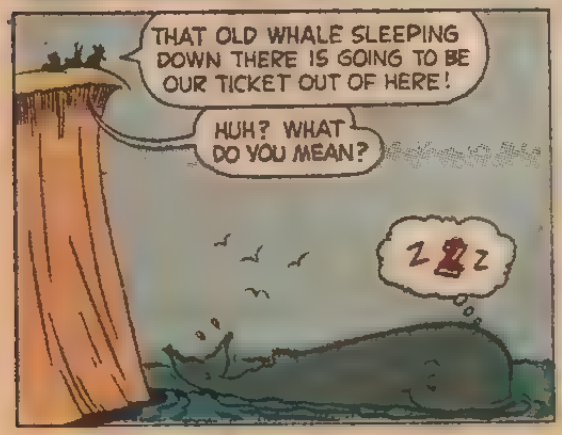

UGGA!
UGGA!
OH-OH! IT SOUNDS AS IF THOSE YOUNGSTERS HAVE STIRRED UP EVERY SAVAGE ON THE ISLAND!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!


HELP!
UGGA!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
I'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM!

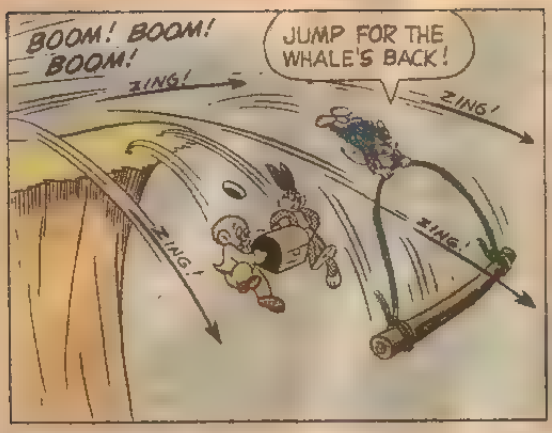

LOOK! THERE'S GRAMPS!
AND HE'S GOT THE TWEASURE!
THIS WAY, KIDS! FOLLOW ME!

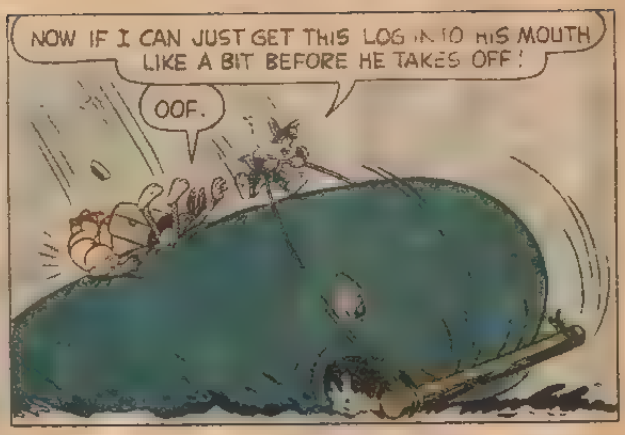

GRAMPS, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW! THERE ARE SAVAGES AFTER US AND...
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
I KNOW! JUST SAVE YOUR BREATH AND RUN!
PLUNK!

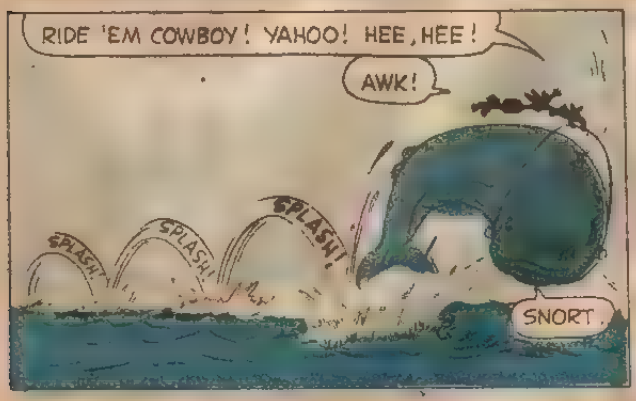

AWK! A CLIFF! WE'RE TRAPPED!
OH, NO, WE'RE NOT!

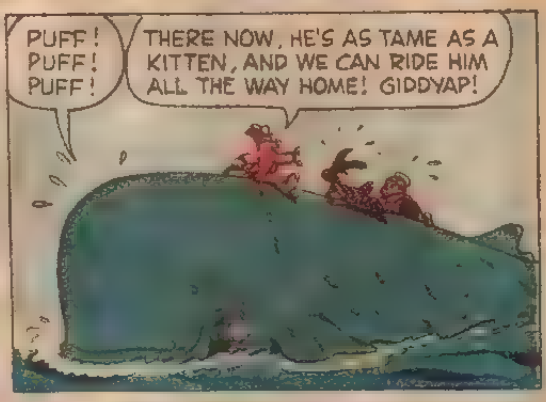

THAT OLD WHALE SLEEPING DOWN THERE IS GOING TO BE OUR TICKET OUT OF HERE!
HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
ZZZ

DON'T WASTE TIME TALKING! HELP ME TIE THIS VINE ONTO THIS LOG! HURRY!
GULP!









STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Bugs Bunny published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1958.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

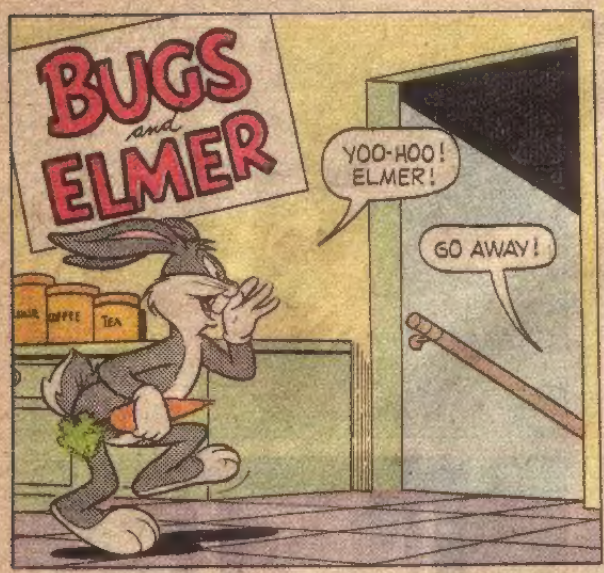
3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

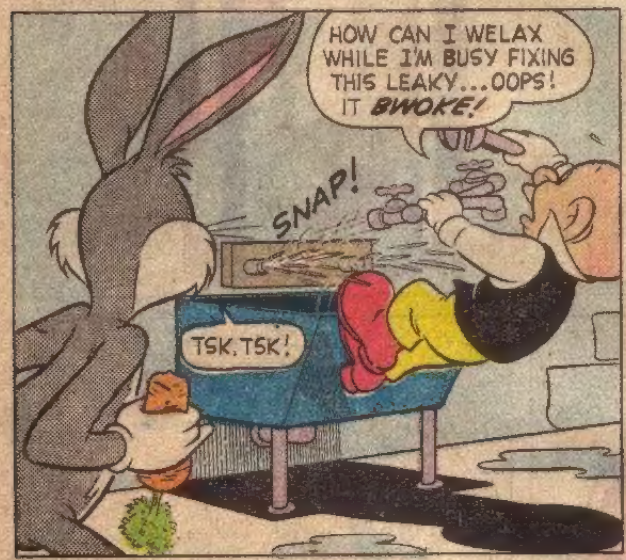
(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1958.

JOHN C. WEBER
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1960)

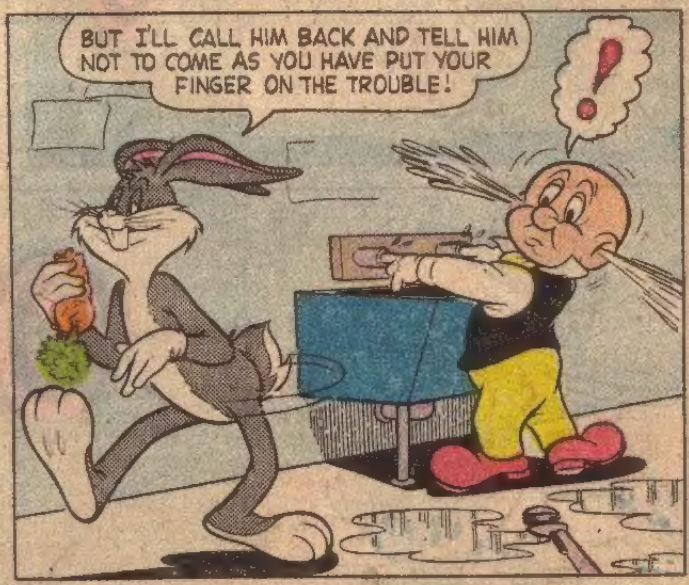

BUGS and ELMER
YOO-HOO! ELMER!
GO AWAY!
COFFEE
TEA

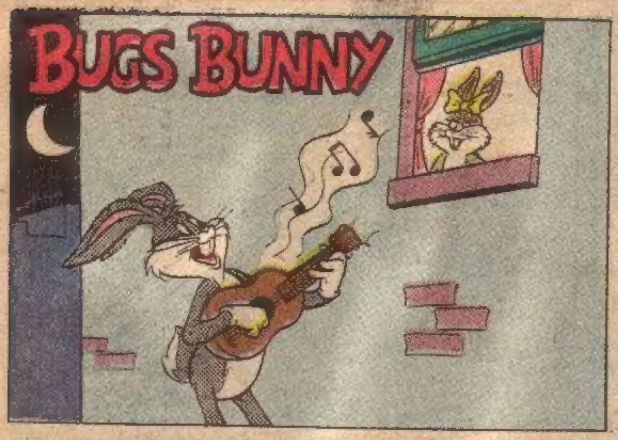
I JUST CAME BACK TO TELL YOU THAT YOU CAN RELAX NOW!
WELAX!?

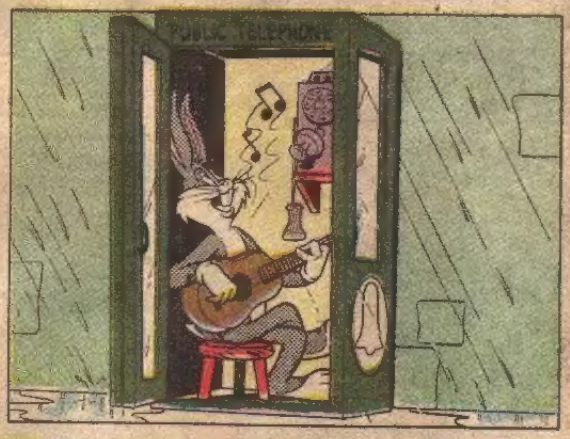

HOW CAN I WELAX WHILE I'M BUSY FIXING THIS LEAKY...OOPS! IT BWOKE!
SNAP!
TSK, TSK!

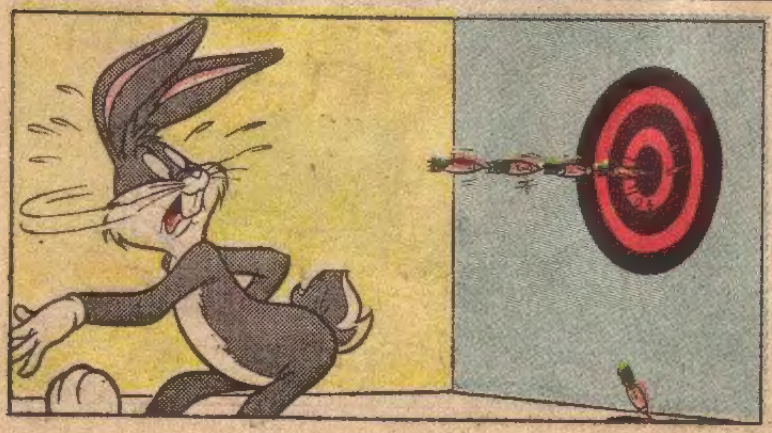
YOU DWATTED WABBIT— DO YOU STILL THINK I CAN WELAX?
SURE!

BECAUSE I PHONED A PLUMBER! HE'LL BE HERE SHORTLY!
OOOH, GOOD!


BUT I'LL CALL HIM BACK AND TELL HIM NOT TO COME AS YOU HAVE PUT YOUR FINGER ON THE TROUBLE!
!







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